TEN CENTS A COPY

One of the Victorians, by Lytton Strachey, on page 418

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Clear the Shelves

BUY Books for Christmas is going to have a familiar ring for the next few weeks. Buy—and make your friends happy. Buy—and relieve economic depression. Yes, but begin by selling a few first.

The shelves in the living-room of the typical American family present a depressing spectacle. Reading from left to right and back again:—observe a stretch of miscellaneous novels, not too happily chosen in the first instance, and now with six out of seven titles dead and forgotten; a set of Battles of the Spanish-American War in cracked leather backs; a Golden Collection of the World's Literature, villainously bound in the early 1900s, and never used then, or later; an edition of Thackeray, probably a wedding present; three volumes of sermons bound in wormy leather, once belonging to great-uncle John, with a Burns, a "Lady of the Lake," and a Thompson's "Seasons" which made up the library of his wife, Sarah; fragments of a Temple Shakespeare; an illustrated Tennyson "sumptuously" bound; a dozen obvious text-books left over from college; a big Bible and a little Bible; three travel books; an Oratory of All the Nations; and forty or fifty dog-eared magazines put in to fill space. And crowded in the top shelf of this rag bag, dust bin, and hodge podge of a library, a handful of books that look as if someone in the family had done some choosing and some buying for himself.

* * *

Evacuation is the only remedy for such a library. A look at it is enough to put one off reading for the day. But it is not meant to be read, and with a few exceptions was never meant to be kept. Its dull dead backs do not even make good wall paper. To the incinerator with most of it, after the junk shop has taken what it will, for a civilized family should be ashamed to live in such company! Fill out the Temple Shakespeare. Reduce the four feet of indiscriminate fiction to ten or fifteen good novels and see one foot more valuable than four. Pick out the nuts from the stale cake and throw out the crumbs. There may be enough of them to bring the price of a few good books. Readers, like others in hard times, should reduce their inventory, and nothing so conduces to the forming of a real library as getting rid of a bad one. It is a pleasure to choose and buy for empty shelves.

We are still under the influence of that genteel tradition which counselled books in the home and rose-bud paper in the guest bed-room. Books on the living-room shelves gave "an atmosphere of culture." Even if no one breathed it, still it was there. You could smell it if you nosed near Aunt Sarah's "Seasons." Inheriting books thus became like inheriting money: you were under no necessity of making more culture for yourself. The newly housebroken who have moved into living rooms in the recent eras of prosperity brought no such sacred arks of culture with them, and they have used the shelves for phonograph records, all-story magazines, and the cat's saucer of milk. It is at least the honester way. But their neighbors with these rows of stale and unprofitable volumes, unread and unreadable, think that they can never descend into such barbarism—for look, we are bookish, we have a library!

Let every self-respecting family, now that Christmas is only three weeks ahead, begin an inquisition upon the living-room library. Hold fast to the good, but house clean the rest, until even the one-room-bath- and kitchenette has space for real books. Even

(*Continued on page* 416)

Persistent Instant

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

HOW at the corners of streets
It seems one suddenly meets
The unforgotten face, the long-dead moment living!
"No, they were—they are gone,"
We murmur. "We live on.
Oh, to have them truly live
Unfugitive,
More than to be
Merely this sudden mirage of memory,
Withholding, unforgiving. . . !"

For the heart asserts its need to cry
To the ghost we dream, to the almost fable,
The strangeness of, "Here am I!"
Through the old enduring babel
The irony, "Here am I!"
How is one able,
We gasp, to persevere, contend,
When aforetime lover and friend
Seem to pass us by?

Yet are we—the breathing—to be
The only reality?
No, the lost is verily there.
The air is aware
(Though we may not touch their vesture)
Of all the words that were, of every gesture.
The miraculous element,
Soundless, sightless, empty and void,
Holds undestroyed
With myriad presentments blent
Every hue of the moment's image, every tone
Of the voice well-known.

Around us, an infinite, sensitive sea
Of enduring sound and light,
Of imminent hearing and sight . . .
Is it strange that suddenly we
Are touched by an accolade
From the past,—that time is stayed
On a vanished instant's immortality?

This Week

"The American Public Mind."
Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON.

"Success."
Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY.

"Midsummernight."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

"Jeb Stuart."
Reviewed by ULRICH B. PHILLIPS.

"The Bitter Tea of General Yen."
Reviewed by ALICE TISDALE HOBART.

"The Russian Theatre."
Reviewed by JOHN MASON BROWN.

Next Week, or Later

"Little America."
Reviewed by DONALD B. MACMILLAN.

A Favorite of the Gods*

By the Right Honorable H. A. L. FISHER

I DOUBT whether any British statesman has lived a fuller, happier, or more fortunate life than Lord Balfour. Few of the gifts which mortals envy were denied him. He had wealth and station, brains and good looks, a philosophic temper and a melodious voice. Affection and admiration attended him throughout his brilliant course. If he never married, he was the perfect uncle, entering with affectionate zest into the concerns of the younger members of his clan, and by them regarded as the best, the kindest, and the most understanding of friends. For two generations there was no more dazzling figure in London society than this tall, beautiful, gifted bachelor, so gracious in his manner, so formidable in debate, so alert to enter into any human interest. Two gifts, each ministering to the highest kind of human satisfaction, were vouchsafed him. He took a passionate delight in good music, and in the delicacies of philosophical and scientific discussion.

A political career is never smooth, and A. J. B., as his friends called him, had his share of reverses, for not only did he lead his party to a great electoral defeat in 1906, but he had five years later the mortification to be superseded in its leadership by a younger and less distinguished man. Yet these setbacks, which might have soured a smaller nature, made little impression on A. J. B. As one of his friends said, "A. J. B. never forgets that we live between one ice age and another." In the large context of astronomical and geological time the ups and downs of the political game may be viewed with a spirit of detachment,—a speck in that long history of the human race, which may still have, as the astronomers tell us, a hundred and fifty thousand million years to run. Besides for A. J. B. there was music, and there were games. More especially games. Until he was nearly eighty he played golf and lawn tennis with the zest of a boy; and happy athletic memories, visiting him during his last illness, have inspired some pages of the autobiographical fragment which we owe to the pious labors of Mrs. Dugdale, his niece.

* * *

Mr. Lloyd George once said to me "Balfour is not an aristocrat, he is an intellectual." The distinction is just. A. J. B. had all the advantages of the aristocrat. His background was aristocratic, beautiful country places like Whittinghame and Hatfield, intimate associations with the wealthy and well born, and a fortune which shielded him from the ugly things and disagreeable expedients of the common life. It was said, for instance, that he had never traveled in a bus, and only once condescended to the "tube" or underground railway. But though he had the manners of a *grand seigneur* of the eighteenth century, it was always intelligence which counted with him. He sought out the society of learned and clever men, and delighted in their converse.

A first class autobiography is perhaps hardly to be expected from a spirit moving in these serene elevations. Though A. J. B. had mixed in great affairs all his life (his first big public experience was the Congress of Berlin in 1878), seen everyone worth seeing, and probably heard as much brilliant talk as any man in Europe, his commemorative instinct, more

* RETROSPECT: An Unfinished Autobiography. By LORD BALFOUR. Edited by MRS. EDGAR DUGDALE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1930. $3.50.

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especially in the small, amusing things of life, was never strong. When a man is engaged in high politics, and passionately interested in the world around him, he has little time or taste for commemoration. A. J. B. describes himself to his niece as "a very lazy man, who has always had a job on hand." As a matter of fact, he worked very hard, though his uncanny gift of pouncing on the essential point in an intricate argument or situation gave him an unfair advantage over slower minds. But he had no interest in retailing gossip, no verbal memory for quotations, and was far too fastidious to indulge in indiscretions at the expense of his friends. It might, therefore, have been predicted in advance that an autobiography of Lord Balfour, however full of serious interest for the historian, would be lacking in those lighter and more frivolous elements which the common reader has learnt to expect from this type of literature.

I imagine also that the ideal biographer must be endowed with a spice of personal vanity, or in any case, must be thoroughly interested in himself. Now A. J. B. was not, as I surmise, greatly interested in himself. He was interested in science and philosophy, in religion and politics, in the prosperity of the British Empire, in the happiness and well being of his wide circle of relations and friends, but not to any large extent in himself. He would never have kept a diary of intimate self-scrutiny like Amiel, or contemplated self-revelations on the scale of Rousseau. The duties of a patriot, the pleasures of an athlete, the interests of a philosopher, left him little leisure or appetite for self-contemplation.

Nevertheless the complete autobiography of a statesman, so long prominent in great affairs, would have been one of the most important historical documents of our age. Unfortunately the chapters of autobiography, which we owe to the valued labors of Mrs. Dugdale, are far from covering the whole ground of Lord Balfour's long life. Hardly had the volume been launched before Lord Balfour, who was nearing his eightieth year, was overtaken by the illness from which he never recovered, and thereafter it was dictated from bed by an invalid whose powers were steadily ebbing. Save for a few concluding fragments relating to the author's visit to the United States in 1917, the narrative closes in 1885, before he had received any office under the Crown.

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It follows that much of the autobiography relates to an episode in the political history of England which has ceased to possess any general interest. The manœuvres of the Fourth Party, a little group of independent Conservative members of Parliament, who came to the front between 1880 and 1885, provide no doubt some entertainment to those who are curious about the minutiæ of British parliamentary history; and to the understanding of this episode of the past Lord Balfour makes a brilliant and authoritative contribution. But when we consider the great themes upon which he might have disserted—the Irish Secretaryship, the formation of the Entente with France, the War and the Peace, the American Mission and the League of Nations, how gladly would we exchange the two chapters on the Fourth Party, for some leaves taken from the later and more important period of his life! But alas! Lord Balfour's chronicle was all too late begun, and all too soon closed by a sentence from which there is no appeal.

Let us, however, be grateful for what has been given us, and more particularly for the graphic sketch of the intellectual influences which helped to fashion the mind of the future statesman. One of these will not surprise the reader. It was the essays of Macaulay. The other was the conversation of that remarkable scholar and philosopher, Professor Henry Sidgwick, whom Balfour met first at the high table of Trinity College, Cambridge, and who was afterwards married to Balfour's sister.

> One day my mother presented me with the posthumous volumes of Lord Macaulay's miscellaneous writings then recently published. Who is there, in these days, who would admit that at any period of his life his intellectual development had been profoundly stimulated by the writings of Lord Macaulay? To be sure no one denies their brilliancy. But, says the critic, brilliancy is but a surface quality, and the antithetical glitter of their style cannot conceal an essential shallowness of insight, a congenital incapacity for philosophic speculation, which always keep their author in the second rank of nineteenth century writers. On this point I dare offer no opinion, if only because I am not an impartial judge. My personal feelings are too deeply concerned. For no sooner was I acquainted with these specimens of his writings than I became his fascinated admirer. His style delighted me. I thought his dialectics irresistible. His gifts of narrative carried me away; the things he wrote about invariably interested me; in short, he supplied much of the mental nourishment I desired, in the exact form that best suited my very youthful appetite.

Sidgwick was probably even more congenial, because he possessed the quality, greatly valued by A. J. B., of being entirely free from dogma.

> In him I found one who, by accomplishments and temperament, was ideally qualified to give me exactly what I needed, exactly in the way I most needed it. He had great knowledge and no dogma. Though an admirable scholar, he never exaggerated the importance of pure scholarship, either in its relation to culture in general, or to philosophy in particular. He was as reluctant as his pupil to regard the intensive study of ancient speculations as the proper prelude to all modern research.

It is not my present purpose, nor am I competent for the task, to discuss Lord Balfour's contributions to philosophy. Two things, however, may be said of them. In the first place they are models of simple, perspicuous English. In the second place they are governed by the idea that the esthetic and moral values which give nobility to life cannot be explained by any rationalistic philosophy, but postulate a spiritual principle in the universe.

It is, however, as a parliamentarian, and more particularly as a debater in the House of Commons, that A. J. B. made his reputation. And this, in spite of a defect which he thus describes.

> It has been a serious misfortune to me that, throughout a lifetime largely occupied in public speaking, my want of verbal memory has always made verbal preparation impossible. Randolph Churchill could repeat a column of the *Times* after a single perusal; if, therefore, he had time to write his words, he could secure without difficulty whatever degree of verbal finish he thought desirable. Bonar Law, smoking comfortably in his armchair, could compose a speech involving the most complicated arguments and figures without putting pen to paper; and having done so, could use it, in whole or in part, without misplacing a word. I never could discover merely by listening, whether Lord Oxford (Asquith) was speaking impromptu, was repeating from memory, or was reading from a manuscript. Always the right word came, and always without an effort. This, unfortunately, has never been my case. After more than half a century of speech-making there still remains a lamentable difference between my written and my spoken word—a difference not the less lamentable because some of my friends profess themselves quite unable to detect it.

And yet this passage would give quite an unfair impression of A. J. B.'s oratorical powers. When deeply moved he spoke, albeit without notes or verbal preparation, with splendid force, and in flawless English, thinking as he went along, and developing his theme under the glow of a powerful imagination in such a way as to stamp it upon the minds of his audience. Friends have told me that his gifts as a speaker were never more effectively displayed than during the momentous visit to the United States in 1917, which is described in the concluding chapter of this book, unless it be on that important occasion in 1920, when, rising immediately after Mr. Hughes had made his proposal for a limitation in the size of battleships, he accepted in tones of moving eloquence the offer of the American Government, which led to the Naval Convention of Washington.

Let this article conclude with Lord Balfour's valediction.

> I am as familiar as most public men with contact with great crowds, deeply moved by great events, but nowhere have I seen, and never had I imagined, anything like the spectacle presented by our landing in New York (in 1917), and during our long slow drive up the long narrow route. There is no city in the world like New York. It was exactly like going through a canyon whose prodigious walls were pierced with tier above tier of windows, and every window crowded with heads and waving handkerchiefs. It was a most impressive experience. This memorable day concluded with a great banquet given in the Hotel Astoria to the French and British delegates. I was under the guidance of my old friend, Mr. Choate, formerly American Ambassador at St. James's. I had driven with him to service in the Anglican Cathedral. As I parted with him on the steps we took a tender farewell of one another, for I was returning to Washington that night. As we shook hands he said, "We probably shall not meet again till peace is reached." He was right. He died within a few hours from heart failure.

The fine eighteenth-century building in Marylebone Lane, London, formerly known as the Old Court House, has been recently reconstructed and refitted to form part of the showrooms of Bumpus's well-known bookshop. Here, during the autumn and early winter of 1930, will be shown an exclusive display of books published by the Oxford University Press in its many departments. Here will be learned books, fine printing, color reproductions to equal and surpass those of Continental printers, and works of scholarship published for great bodies.

America and Public Opinion

THE AMERICAN PUBLIC MIND. By PETER ODEGARD. New York: Columbia University Press. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

PROFESSOR ODEGARD has acquitted himself of a difficult assignment in a most creditable manner. He has not, to be sure, discovered just what "public opinion" is, nor yet the whole process of its making. But he has gathered together and arranged in logical sequence what material there is on the subject and—what is more—has made a most interesting book of it.

He begins with a survey of the results of the new psychology and out of them distils what certainty there is as to how we as individuals get our ideas. Then follows a similar survey of the psychology of the herd and the pressure toward uniformity. After which there is a highly competent discussion of the part played by the family, the church, the school, the press, political parties, propaganda, the arts, and lastly, censorship.

When he comes to this last subject, the scholar and scientist in Professor Odegard is overwhelmed by righteous indignation. Despite the strictures which the facts have compelled him to pass upon the thinking capacity of the American public as such, he can find nothing but condemnation for the censorship—whether of books, plays, motion pictures, or anything else—as it is practised in this country. Despite the justification for the strictures, one can hardly fail to agree with him.

It is not that American taste or American opinion is so well and competently formed that it needs no protection. It is simply that it has got to blunder along until it arrives at something like acceptable standards. Nobody can or ought to be allowed to attempt to furnish these ready-made. They are a matter of growth and flowering.

That process is not a lovely one. The schools, the churches, the political parties, the D. A. R., the Ku Klux Klan, the Watch and Ward Society, the serious and the frivolous radical groups and innumerable other organizations, each insists upon fertilizing the tender plant with its particular brand of compost. Small wonder it is warped and twisted in the growing. That it survives at all indicates a healthy constitution.

But does it survive? Is there such a thing as "public opinion?"

Professor Odegard practically rules out the ordinary meaning of the words by his definition. "It is only when the conditioning of individuals has been so similar that they react to given situations in substantially the same way that we are justified in speaking of public opinion." And later on: "Thus public opinion is a compound of myth and metaphor."

These statements are far too generalized to be accepted at their face value. Take the subject of prohibition. Certainly we do not all react "in substantially the same way" to prohibition and yet it can hardly be said that there is no public opinion on the question. Nor are myth and metaphor the only ingredients of that opinion. Such tangible things as experience and alcohol are there also.

As the author himself gives little space to this particular issue we may use it for further illustration. There is on the question of prohibition an emotional division which runs through the great mass of the American people. On one side are those whose whole emotional experience leads them to look upon it as a major step in the salvation of the human race. On the other are those who view it equally sincerely as a step backward, a victory for tyranny and obscurantism.

Here are two sides. Are we justified in saying two opinions? Only if an emotional reaction is entitled to be considered a product of reason.

But there are people, an increasing number of them apparently, who are studying and thinking about the prohibition question. Some of them have arrived at a conclusion and others have not. As time passes it is probable that a sufficient number of these people will agree one way or the other to tip the scales of public action.

That it would seem is the sort of field in which "public opinion" really exists and the manner in which it functions. Professor Odegard has given us an excellent survey of the American mind with its great preponderance of emotional over rational content. A study of that part of this mind which thinks and which in the end may have a larger influence than he would at present grant, would furnish most excellent material for a second volume.

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An Indomitable Warrior

JEFFERSON DAVIS — POLITICAL SOLDIER. By ELIZABETH CUTTING. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1930. $5.

HIGH STAKES AND HAIR TRIGGER. The Life of Jefferson Davis. By ROBERT W. WINSTON. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by DUMAS MALONE

Associate Editor, "Dictionary of American Biography"

THE President of the ill-fated Confederacy has, of recent years, fared relatively well at the bar of historical opinion. That he will ever gain general popular favor is exceedingly doubtful. He has not been an object of idolatry, except to a very restricted group, even in the South. During the dark days of the Confederacy, he, like other leaders who have been unsuccessful in times of crisis, was subjected to bitter criticism, which was accentuated by his irritating personal characteristics. The Southerners were unwilling to blame their brave soldiers for their defeat and were not fully aware of the obstructionism which had done so much to paralyze Davis's efforts; so, if he had been left alone after the war, they would doubtless have made of him a scapegoat. Northerners, however, who likewise soon glorified the redoubtable warriors of the Lost Cause, not unnaturally but very unwisely vented their hatred on one who, long before the war, had come to be regarded as the embodiment of belligerent political Southernism.

With the harsh treatment of the imprisoned leader and the continued assaults upon him in Congress and the Republican press, there was a strong Southern reaction in his favor. He gained sectional immortality as a martyr, but he never became a symbolical figure such as Lee was, and is. His compatriots loved him for the enemies he had made, as Judge Winston has said, but they did not love him for himself. All Southerners, and a great many other people, idolize Lee, who did not make enemies. There has always been an undercurrent of feeling south of the Potomac that something was radically wrong with the Confederacy and the suspicion, whether loudly voiced or not, that this was Davis. Now that so many Southern historians have pointed out so many other things that were wrong, it is easier, even in the states of the former Confederacy, to be fair to the unhappy President. That he failed in his task no one can deny, but it must be recognized that, besides the superiority of Northern resources, there were many mitigating circumstances. It is hard to see how any one could have succeeded in the attempt to unify a federation based on a revolt against central authority. From the historical monographs Jefferson Davis emerges as a more tragic and heroic, if not as a more appealing, figure.

Both of his most recent biographers have been in the main successful in this undertaking. Of the two, Miss Cutting has written more pleasantly and more tenderly, though not eulogistically. She gives most space to the Confederacy, especially emphasizing foreign relations, which she has carefully studied. Indeed, in this connection she gives more background than portrait, for which as a biographer she is culpable. In her treatment of Davis's ante-bellum career she errs on the other side, disregarding many political complexities. On the whole she presents him much as the historical fraternity, if not the general public, has come to know him. She glosses over some difficulties and ignores others, but reveals his essential faults. For his stormy career, however, her manner is rather too polite, too serene, too smooth. Jefferson Davis was often the courtly gentleman; as both his recent biographers have pointed out, he had a voice of unusual sweetness; and his extreme sensitiveness was accompanied by and was in considerable degree the resultant of notable refinement; but essentially he was a fighter. Miss Cutting's title reveals her recognition of this fact, but somehow her agreeable pages do not quite support it.

Judge Winston is less literary but more ruthless. From his vigorous narrative Davis stands forth as the militant, imperious, implacable defender of Southern interests—as he saw them. Until the last chapters, the biographer seems so unsympathetic with his subject that one wonders why he chose him. His own heart is obviously with the ante-bellum Whigs rather than the Democrats, with the compromisers rather than the irreconcilables, with the Southern Unionists rather than the secessionists. He does not like the belligerency of the Senator from Mississippi, so aptly termed the "Southern gamecock," nor the officiousness of the highly capable Secretary of War in Pierce's cabinet, nor the imperious inflexibility of the harassed President of the Confederacy. As he tells the story of Davis's declining years, however, and summarizes the reasons for the latter's failure as an executive, he becomes more charitable and in the end reveals his admiration for the man's dauntless spirit.

He sometimes errs in historical allusion, he characterizes Davis's contemporaries hastily, and repeats with relish at one place or another trite anecdotes which have long lost their savor. But he comes to grips with his subject, views him with penetrating eye, and depicts him with striking characterizations. He finds valuable clues to Davis's career and character in his domestic relationships, remarking that this youngest son of a new family was able to go far, not only because he had in his eldest brother a generous patron, but also because there were no ties or traditions to bind him. Davis was enabled to make of himself an aristocrat, and defended his prerogatives the more jealously because he himself had won them. The story of the breach between the once inseparable brothers, Joseph and Jefferson, and

Illustration by Rockwell Kent for "N by E"

the subsequent attack of the latter on the former's will, while partially explicable on grounds of loyalty to later and dearer relationships, may also be interpreted as a further evidence of Davis's combative egoism.

Egoist this biographer undoubtedly thinks he was. The assertion, somewhat reminiscent of the diatribes of E. A. Pollard, that Davis cared little for the South and less for the Democratic party, except as means to stabilize slavery and advance his own political ideas, will undoubtedly arouse a storm of protest in Mississippi. Judge Winston over-emphasizes Davis's ante-bellum leadership and sees in his election to the presidency of the Confederacy an inevitability which most historians will question. In his account of the war itself he gives too much attention to the well-known military story, but he finally summarizes with skill the reasons for the failure of the administration. Like Miss Cutting, he is happy in his treatment of Davis's relations with his wife and helpmate, Varina Howell, who was fully aware of her husband's faults of temper and thought him unsuited to executive position.

Despite a domestic life that, while shadowed by much tragedy, was on the whole beautiful, Davis the public man was an inveterate controversialist. Some one he was always fighting. After the Mexican War he was for a time on crutches; before the Civil War he almost lost an eye; during his presidency he was a mass of throbbing nerves; but he fought on. It was a cruel fate, as both his latest biographers have remarked, that the accepted story of the capture of this brave man after Appomattox carried with it, through accident or design, an implication of cowardice. Davis was at times arrogant, frequently untactful, often opinionated, brooking no opposition, but he strove manfully, heroically, at the hopeless task of conducting in time of war a government founded upon negation, and fled at last because unwilling to concede defeat. If Robert E. Lee was the soul of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis was its indomitable will.

Greenland Pastorale

N BY E. By ROCKWELL KENT. New York: Brewer & Warren. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

MR. KENT has been illustrating other writer's books since he rose to fame; justly he comes back now to his own. I have read and reread the splendid narrative of his Patagonian journeys which gave him his first honorary degree as an artist in both prose and black and white. His mountains in the pictures of that book had style; his prose had style also, a broken rhythm of straight lines and curves like his drawings. It was the prose of a man more eager to tell than to write. In "N by E" he has grown more literary with a conscious impressionism, but more articulate also. It is what Morley would call a "high-hearted" book, reading like good talk, with every now and then a passage quite lyric in its beauty. But most of all it is a painter's attempt to get into words the sensations of a country that moved him strongly by its beauty and made him glad by the humanity of its primitive people.

When the "Direction" was flung and wrecked upon the Greenland wilderness, the adventures of this book were nearly over. There was only his tramp and climb over the watersheds to find a settlement to remind one of the Patagonian wanderings. But when from a mountain top he sees far below a single Greenlander fishing from his kayak and yodels for aid, the idyll of Greenland begins. For that is what this book really is, an idyll of life in an incredibly remote environment, girls who ask for his soiled handkerchief as a keepsake, honest Danes, free swimming in the fjords, wild flowers—a painter's book, and a beautiful book in its writing as well as its pictures, as thus—

> We heave her to. Braced in the chains, dipped in green water to his waist, lifted all streaming out of it—to plunge again, the mate secures the jib. The mainsail fights like a living thing gone mad; four thousand pounds of fury against thirty fingers. Inch by inch we win, and lash it tight.
>
> And the mist drew back and hung as a great wall of steel gray cloud behind the mountainous land. "And this is Greenland," we thought, "so wild and beautiful." And yet the clouds were even then resolving into forms so lofty as to dwarf the land and draw our eyes to watch their evolution from dense fog to masses every moment more compact and mountainlike. . . . Our doubt of the incredible gave way and we sat staring speechlessly at a blue barrier of granite mountains rising to cloud-wreathed, snow-topped peaks four thousand feet and more above the sea.

I know how to review novels but I do not really know how to review a book like Mr. Kent's. It belongs to a category that I particularly like—with "Romany Rye" and "The Purple Land" and Thoreau's "Three Weeks" and King's "Mountaineering in the High Sierras"—scrap-book books, books that move like music not like narrative or exposition, books that are seldom all good, that drag bottom now and then, or bump, and yet rise like a boat on a swell to fine lyric episodes, or float in a calm of meditation. This is the best kind of travel book, far better than the story kind, and this is the kind of book you would take along (if you ever went to Greenland) with two or three histories and geographies, and finally throw away all but it. "N by E" is more of a mélange than most. The Greenland pastorale is less harmonized than the North Atlantic saga that precedes it, the style is sometimes too impressionistic, though, as the pictures are too stylized, this may be a merit; but these pictures carry on through the gaps, or rather supply the counterpoint. And indeed this book does differ from the others I mentioned because it is a picture book, and cannot be fairly judged otherwise. It is a difficult art to be perfect at; and Mr. Kent is not perfect; but he has done so much in "N by E" that I hope the publishers will let him go on and be his own stylist and his own illustrator always in future. He is a man with two swords, and should be allowed to keep both sharp and play with both together.

The Poetry Society of England recently held a dinner to which were invited the descendants of British poets major and minor. Among the guests were two great-grandnieces of Pope, and, among others, descendants of Milton, Dryden, Crabbe, Southey, Donne, Cowper, Gay, and of Sheridan. The society asked its guests to send in genealogical details, which were carefully examined before the function.

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The History of an Epoch

SUCCESS. By LION FEUCHTWANGER. Translated by WILLA and EDWIN MUIR. New York: The Viking Press. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

SERIOUS German novelists since 1918 have been increasingly preoccupied with the problem of justice. Three of the most distinguished works of the past three years, Hans Aufricht Ruda's "The Case for the Defendant," Zweig's "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," and Wassermann's "The Maurizius Case" have studied with passionate interest its miscarriages, and to this theme Lion Feuchtwanger turns in "Success." Characteristically Herr Feuchtwanger treats the theme not as an excuse for psychological probing, or patriotic sentiment, or an exposition of conflicting personal ideals but as an opportunity to study on a large scale the workings of the whole society in which the Kruger case was possible. One of the characters in the novel states the essence of the case:

> Martin Kruger is a thorn in the flesh of the Government. He holds opinions which are contrary to the instincts of the populace and to the methods of the rulers. His views on art, too, contradict the prevailing morals and customs adhered to by the inhabitants of the Bavarian plateau. . . . A better system of justice would define the real reason for considering the man detrimental to society and therefore deserving imprisonment. In a national gallery he hung works of art objectionable to the nation, and that was a sufficient reason for getting rid of him and even for punishing him as a deterrent to others. But why—and this is a slur on Bavarian methods of justice—why punish him not for the excellent pictures which he did hang up, but for a sexual act which he did not perform and for a perjury which he did not commit?

That question the novel undertakes to answer as the historian must, by a consideration of all the pertinent factors, and those factors involve a complete picture of post war Bavaria in the troubled years 1922-1923. So much they involve; they imply much more. "In that time," says Herr Feuchtwanger in one of his interludes as historical commentator,

> all over the globe a sudden lack of faith in justice was provoking comment. The concept of justice had become uncertain and outworn. Too much was known about the human soul for the old categories of good and evil to remain valid; too little was known to make possible the substitution of new ones. In earlier times when an execution took place the spectators and often the victim himself had felt a sense of satisfaction, for it was the vengeance exacted by a code which they all felt to be just; but now the administration of justice was sanctioned by no living emotion; it had become a mere instrument of the powerful to preserve their power, and its sentences seemed both arbitrary and ineffective. Possibly in Bavaria justice was handled with peculiar malice and disingenuousness, but in the countries round about conditions were not so very different. In Hungary, the Balkans, and Russia things were perhaps still worse.

The complete social documentation of the Kruger case, then, the complete examination of the Minister of Justice's proposition that "justice" is successful power aims to cast light upon the malady of our age in other lands as well as in Bavaria. Perhaps even in the United States.

* * *

The author is not particularly interested in the imprisoned art director except as the focal point from which his investigations branch out into every sphere of Bavarian life. One meets intimately ministers of the government and political manipulators (often real and still living persons, thinly disguised), savants and financiers, and a whole horde of the common people, chauffeurs, waitresses, music hall comedians, post war sophisticates and perverts, and sturdy, brutal peasants from the hills, all presented with a gusto and an animation which, one is tempted to exclaim, no other living writer could hope to equal. And weaving in and out of these private dramas, affecting them and being affected by them, the drama of a nation, the bubble of the inflation, the increasing pinch of poverty that followed the occupation of the Ruhr, the ridiculous, abortive Hitler *putsch*, and the sullen readjustment. Across this swarming, turbulent, exciting scene the author patiently presses his quest, which comes to be more and more a search for the meaning of history, for the clue to this bewildering maze. His constations are made with a seriousness and a penetration which are new in Herr Feuchtwanger's work. He accepts no easy, patent formulæ, Marxian or otherwise. But he does arrive at something like explanation. And perhaps, as his chief character says a little wistfully, to explain an age may be to help to change it.

To object of "Success" that it is not a fine piece of art, perhaps that it is not art at all in the sense that the novels of Marcel Proust, for instance, deserve that resounding term, is beside the point. It lacks a central, sustained plot, yes; it lacks "form" perhaps and a psychologically unified approach, and outlook upon life. Esthetes will not approve of it. Nor is it addressed to them. "Success" is the history of an epoch and as such it must be judged. No one who is interested in the history of our time can fail to be caught by the sweep of its narrative or to be moved by the breadth of its scope. Artistically and perhaps historically too, it is full of faults. But in such an attempt faults were inevitable. The point is: something bold and inspiring has been attempted. The picture of a whole society has been put down and infused with meaning. To say of "Success" that future historians will find it an invaluable document is not to say enough. No one can read it carefully without an increased understanding of the decade through which we have just lived. One can be thankful that there was a novelist with the nerve to attempt it, and the power to carry it through.

A French Success

DAVID GOLDER. By IRÈNE NEMIROVSKY. New York: Horace Liveright. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY

THE success of "David Golder" created something of a record in France last season, perhaps because novelists are less apt to emerge into immediate popularity there than with us, where an exceptional first novel has at least as good a chance of success as the less fresh work of an established favorite. Legend has it that the authoress, a young Russian who writes in French, even forgot to let her publisher have her address when submitting the manuscript. Some time later, when the previously unknown girl had been universally hailed as a novelist of first importance, it was revealed that during this period she had been in a maternity hospital while the astute Bernard Grasset had been trying to find her by advertising in the newspapers,—incidentally gaining considerable valuable publicity for her book.

At all events, "David Golder," both in its English version and in the original, is an unusually impressive piece of work. The French critics almost without exception used the name of Balzac for comparative purposes in regard to Mme. Nemirovsky's power as a creator of character and satirist of contemporary life and for once the comparison is not absurd. Certainly the vigor of her method shines by contrast with the generally slightly anemic body of present-day Gallic fiction, which is too often precious when it is not stuffily academic. The blood of life flows abundantly in Mme. Nemirovsky's people, however, and her study of a Jewish business man in his decline and fall has narrative force to recommend it as well. To Anglo-Saxons her brutal descriptions of life in the world of parvenus, bounded on one side by the offices of a great oil company and on the other by the gambling rooms of the more lavish Continental resorts, with a vague landscape of Caucasian Russia for epilogue to the tragedy, is not entirely novel. The tremendous place occupied by business in the mind of the average American has naturally resulted in a whole gallery of fictional portraits of the modern capitalist, but in France the type is still unexploited. With the possible exception of Octave Mirbeau's Isidore Lechat in "Les Affaires Sont les Affaires," it is literally necessary to go back to Balzac for a counterpart to Mme. Nemirovsky's David Golder.

Regardless of this added feature, her book is extremely worth reading. The women, Golder's wife and daughter, are perhaps caricatures rather than living personalities, but how firmly they have been drawn, and with what cruelty! In the death scenes, also, a blend of Russian pathos and realism with Gallic clarity of expression has been attained which seems to be the unique contribution of the author to present-day writing. Although her second book, "Le Bal," is said to be definitely a disappointment, Mme. Nemirovsky in any case takes high rank on the strength of this first novel. It seems likely that a large transatlantic audience awaits a book so obviously akin in subject and manner to American taste.

It is reported from Prague that the Czecho-Slovak Minister of Culture has acquired thirty letters written by Dvorak from the Vienna firm of Heck for 2,250 Swiss francs. The letters are addressed to Hans Richter, and deal with Dvorak's compositions. They will be deposited in the State collections.

A Return to the Victorians

THE REDLAKES. By FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG. New York: Harper & Bros. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS novel is a return to the Victorian manner, not in the self-conscious and masquerading way of some of the young English *précieux*, but in the genuine choice of Victorian methods on their merits that was so much noticed in Mr. Priestley's "The Good Companions." It is a long and leisurely book, and a rich and fertile one. It is full of incidents, full of characters, and full of scenes. And all the characters and scenes are set forth with a sense of their length, breadth, and thickness, and their past and future, the four dimensions which, according to Mr. Wells's "Time Machine" anything must possess to have a real existence. The characters are seen from the outside, that is, there is no attempt, like the soliloquies in Shakespeare or the stream of consciousness in Mrs. Woolf, to give their innermost, ineffable emotions; but they are seen from the outside by a keen observer who so describes them that we feel we know of them, as of our friends, what they would do in any given circumstances.

Readers accustomed to all the modern attempts to give us every unexpressed shade of feeling may complain of the people in "The Redlakes" that they are too much made up of "humours," in Ben Jonson's sense, that each of them has a dominant characteristic which he invariably displays; but the same might be said of Major Pendennis or Miss Bates. The highly analytic method may give a greater impression of reality, but the method of the Victorians gives a greater impression of actuality, of people, not as they appear to omniscience, but to ourselves.

The scenes have the same actuality as the people. They are widely varied; the hero, a boy on the fringe of the upper class, is entertained in great houses during his schooldays, settles in cheap London lodgings to read medicine, tramps in Wales, finds his place on a vast farm in South Africa, and there is drawn into the war. This last passage is another reminder of the multitude of the war, of the numbers of wars about the Mediterranean and the rest of the world that knew nothing of the war in France. All the scenes are presented with that love of their country, even the worst and ugliest of it, so characteristic of the English; even the East End lodgings, which the hero finds abominable when he revisits them, are pleasant to him when he is young, and his grotesque fellow-lodgers are really reminiscent of Dickens.

The story that is told in all this has no subtlety, but it has a great solidity. Like the characters, it is consistent, but not complex. At the end, one feels that what has happened is not of great importance, but that it is good to have known all these people, to have joined the rather hard gaiety of England just before the war, to have seen South Africa, and to have loved a wet and sooty street in London.

The John Rylands Library of Manchester, England which has just been taken over for American publication by May and Company of Boston, is one of the richest depositories in the world, having a collection of books and manuscripts containing thousands of unique and rare items.

From the American point of view, The John Rylands Library is itself in an unique and enviable position, having at its disposal learned men of the highest scholarship, who, from time to time, issue publications based on their researches among the bewildering array of treasures.

The latest publication is "English Incunabula in the John Rylands Library, 1475—1500." But 154 items are catalogued, books printed in England, Scotland and Ireland, and English books.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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The Story of Evelyn

IMPERIAL PALACE. By ARNOLD BENNETT. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY WILLIAMSON

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT, in his Journal, said that the book he was writing would be, he supposed, compared with his earlier books. The Journal was published before the book—"Imperial Palace"—so that the hint is properly taken by the reviewer, who has an admiration and affection for the author but only the slightest acquaintanceship with the earlier books—"Riceyman Steps," "Books and Persons," "Mr. Prohack," "Truth about an Author," "Things that have Interested Me," and all the newspaper articles and criticisms which came before the roving eye. If this lack of historical scholarship make free the critical faculty in the present case, the advantage must be offset by the fact that the amateur reviewer is devoid of the self-confessed Bennettian gift of reading another man's book during breakfast and writing an opinion during the intervals of spreading marmalade. The last sentence is somewhat silly; but "Imperial Palace" is such that it must be read (bearing in mind the critical principle of Mr. H. M. Tomlinson, who said once "I review only those books which I like") with the attention given to it by the author himself, to every word and every punctuation mark.

"Imperial Palace," 769 pages, nearly 300,000 words, rich with good humor and understanding of the multitudinous and varied life it creates, is a book to be bought, to be read fast or slowly, to be kept and read again. I read it myself in a fortnight of evenings, or rather night-mornings, and was able to transport myself from the shake and shudder of the everlasting heavy traffic rolling along Seventh Avenue through Greenwich Village, to live in the Imperial Palace with the charming and tactful Evelyn Orchan who created it, with the floor managers, detective, restaurant, grill, reception managers, stokers, book-keepers, and janissaries, all forming, with their authentic environments and sittings, an immediate ground—sometimes foreground, sometimes background—for the story of Evelyn, his work, ambition, loves, and destiny.

* * *

Just as "Saint Joan," and its pendant (in spiritual perceptiveness), the beautifully balanced "The Apple Cart," were the consummation of Mr. Shaw's life, so "Imperial Palace" can justly rank itself in Mr. Bennett's consciousness as the most balanced, most "human," thing he has done. As he judges human nature, so he judges himself. His story, his "plot" (the word should be abolished, for it is a weary, bedraggled shuttlecock knocked to bits between the varying brows of literature), carries the stream of his benevolent and tender consciousness, so that we must read on; his understanding flow never silts around philosophical or ironic snags, dead branches fallen from the living mind. Of course this is discipline and constructiveness: this man, we say, guards himself wisely against those ills the tired, the strained, the unengaged mind is heir to.

> This thing is God: to be man in thy might,
> To go straight in the strength of thy spirit and live
> Out thy life in the light.

All this about a hotel, whose dead weight presses on the seeds of ruined flowers and grass and the roots of lost trees?

The sun shines on all things; and the mind of the true artist—he who has survived darkening experiences— shines like the sun on the works of man. Light is amorphous. Here is one of its forms in our author's mind. The hotel detective is reporting to Evelyn, the managing-director.

> I may add that I should have gone to the Majestic myself, sir, to take observations; but I was prevented by an Amsterdam diamond merchant, also fifth floor, who was just leaving and could not find a pair of trousers, which he alleged must have been stolen during the night. After some search and a little cross-examination I convinced him that he was wearing them. He was so apologetic that I ventured to ask him if he would let me drive him to Victoria, as he was going to Paris by the 8:20 Newhaven—Dieppe. He did so, and gave me valuable information about diamonds, of which he had a large quantity on his person, in a receptacle stitched to the back of his necktie, sir. I was glad to know this. He invited me to feel them, which I did.

And here is Evelyn, a minute after the detective had left.

> Had he a wife? Evelyn had learnt less about him than about any of the other principal members of the upper-staff, Plimsing being somehow in a class by himself. If he had a wife, did he address formal speeches to her in the style of his speeches to Evelyn? "Having written and duly delivered my report for the day to the Cousin, Maria, I proceeded, by motor-bus, to Victoria, and caught the 6:5, in which I occupied a compartment with three gentlemen, one of whom I knew slightly and exchanged with him a few words about the financial situation in the City," etc. Or was he a different man at home, who fondled and tousled his fat wife, who told him not to be a silly old fool, and upon request gave him a glass of beer as a preliminary to supper? And was his brain aware that his eyes were humorous and his professional deportment enough to make a cat laugh?

One or two small things hooked up the attention, e. g., artesian wells are bored, not dug; and Evelyn's sensations, seeing Gracie Savolt's pregnant maid, are those of a husband regarding his young wife in similar circumstances, and not of a bachelor regarding a woman for whom he cares nothing. So it appears to a reviewer who is a writer and also a father. "Imperial Palace" reveals the real Arnold Bennett: benevolent, sensitive, understanding, and lovable.

Illustration by Lynd Ward for "Midsummernight."

Peasant Finland

MIDSUMMERNIGHT. By CARL WILHELMSON. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

FINLAND is so interesting in itself and so little known to most Americans, that any new novel in English about the Finns will, in the nature of things, be read for what it tells about an unfamiliar neighborhood almost as much as for its story.

Mr. Wilhelmson's novel—apparently his first—takes us to the deep forest country of Karelia, on the Russian border, and to one of those tough-bitten little peasant settlements, where they still spin their own wool and flax, drink home-made whiskey by the bucketful, try all sorts of feats of strength with each other, and even, occasionally, with tame, trained bears; and where, in the bland enchantment of the amber "white-nights" of summer, the young bloods court the husky milkmaids, according to a fixed and formal ritual a little like our own colonial custom of "bundling," in the girls' own beds. The story begins with one of these, to us, strange visits, when Otto, a young Finn back from America and many adventures as a sailor, comes to the window of the lovely Aino, and taps with his willow rod.

It takes us, then, through Otto's unhappy romance with the village belle, his various adventures with the people and the life which are both strange to him—after his years abroad—and subconsciously his own, and leaves him, at last, with the girl who reconciles him to all his doubts and settles him as true-blue Finn again.

There is, of course, another Finland—that of the spick-and-span, half-Swedish cities; of factories, cooperatives, woman suffrage, the enthusiastic new-Finnish nationalism, and all the rest of it, but the Maki farm, and the people of the story, are also Finland.

The author himself would seem to have had much the same experience as his hero. He, too, was born in the Russian-border country, has knocked about the world as a sailor, and become more or less Americanized by several years at Stanford University and other American experiences. And this experience hinders him a little, I think, from throwing himself completely into what should be the mood of his story. He is not, that is to say, a "regular" Finn, setting down, without question, the doings and feelings of his own people; nor is he the outsider, going, as sophisticated outsiders occasionally go, to the South Seas or to Mexico, for instance, for the charm of a primitive people. He has the air of remaining the partially assimilated immigrant, always a little self-conscious, in the person of Otto, in that half-wild forest settlement, and contrasting its primitiveness, in spite of himself, with the Finnish-American Athletic club, the sleek cafeterias, the glib manners he has come to know in the new world. The semi-archaic singsong in which much of the dialogue is cast, very like the pseudo-poetic prose affected by some of the modern Irish dramatists; the constant use of the participle for the simpler direct present or future ("when you be walking up to your man by the altar, and the pastor be telling you both to hold the ring") is a bit too obviously arranged and grows irksome.

The novel has vitality, freshness, and charm, nevertheless. And apart from its good qualities as a novel, it is welcome for bringing closer to us that attractive little land of pine trees, round granite rocks, and lakes, and its vigorous, go-ahead people.

A Modern Book of Tobit

THE FAR-AWAY BRIDE. By STELLA BENSON. New York: Harper & Bros. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD

IN a world really responsive to beauty, gusto, ironic insight, and high-hearted comedy, the novels of Stella Benson would stand well up on the roll of honor, and the announcement of a new story by this uncannily gifted author would be a public event. I am not aware that such a world anywhere exists, though surely among the unseen planets surrounding those innumerable twinkling suns there must be one or two tiny satellites which have attained to the final graces of civilization. Merely on the doctrine of chances one is entitled, perhaps, to some such fantastic hope. However, in the one world that we know, there will probably be more excitement aroused by the latest film from Hollywood than by the presence in our bookstores of "The Far-Away Bride." If this admirable and amusing tale should become a best seller, one reviewer's somewhat tired faith in the blessings of democracy will be enormously refreshed.

Miss Benson, while living in Manchuria some years ago, happened to reread The Book of Tobit, from the Apocrypha, and was struck by "a curiously exact parallel between the position of the exiled Jews of Tobit's day and that of the exiled White Russians in ours." And she continues, in her soberly informative Author's Note, "Even most of the details of Tobit's story, it seemed to me, might be read as referring, without irrelevance or even improbability, to the adventures of a White Russian refugee family." She adds, therefore, as an Appendix to her novel, a reprint of The Book of Tobit—quaintest and most delightfully pompous and self-satisfied of the old Hebrew texts, and suggests that she is very anxious that any reader of her book should keep, as it were, one eye upon it.

Her readers will indeed be well advised to do so. Some familiarity with the characters in the brief Book of Tobit—particularly with the young Tobias and his indispensable dog, and with "Raphael that was an angel"—will redouble, if possible, their pleasure in Miss Benson's retelling of their story. For example, they will not be so much surprised, by certain of the incidents in the novel, such as old Sergei's odd belief that his blindness had been caused by "sparrows' droppings from the top of the wall" below which he had slept, or the strange magic which Seryozha's angel, Mr. Wilfred Chew, produced from the rotting heart and liver and gall of Seryozha's oddly captured fish.

Nevertheless, if you have no impish taste for sly analogies, Miss Benson's novel is a complete work of art in itself. It tells of the Malinin family, White Russians driven far from their kindred into uttermost Manchuria, on the border of Korea. It tells of Old Sergei, the quixotic and neurotic head of the small family, of the exasperated Anna, his wife, a sort of female Sancho Panza, of Seryozha, their simple and attractive only son; it tells of the miraculous, the angelic, benefits brought to them (however unwittingly at first) by Mr. Wilfred Chew, educated in London, the Chinese barrister and disciple of the Reverend Oswald Fawcett—of how he recovered monies for Old Sergei in remote Seoul and of how (to his own incidental profit) he found young Ser-

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yozha an heiress for a bride. Every character brought before you from that mad mixture of races inhabiting that remote corner of earth is completely realized and made as familiar to you as old friends. And of the absurd, gorgeous comedy implicit in all their bewildered contacts not a single stroke is missed. There are scenes which for sheer, uproarious fun have never been bettered—notably the scene where Pavel, the far-away bride's megalomaniac father, tells a long, rambling story in Russian to Seryozha, who tosses occasional incomprehensible scraps of it on in English to Wilfred Chew, fevered as always by curiosity and his aching desire to himself hold the center of the stage.

"Please, please, what is he talking about, Sag*gay* Sag*gay*itch?" said Wilfred desperately. . . . "Oi . . . about mans . . . and womans . . . plenty things," said Seryozha.

And apart from all this splendid human comedy, there is the sure beauty of the descriptive passages, bringing before you the contours, the color, the very feeling of those strange lands. Stella Benson's eye misses nothing, and her pen has the magic of evocation. An extraordinary book! A fine genius went into its making. May it attain half the honors and popularity it deserves.

The Southern Complex

PO' BUCKRA. By Gertrude Matthews Shelby and Samuel Gaillard Stoney. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1930. $2.50.
A SHORT HISTORY OF JULIA. By Isa Glenn. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by Josephine Pinckney

IT is curious to observe how difficult it is to write objectively of the South. Almost everyone feels rather than thinks about that disputable locality. There are two prevalent emotions,—one resulting from the romantic tradition of equestrian heroes and gentlewomen in reduced circumstances, the other from modern sociology, the viewpoint of those who take social abuses deeply to heart, who wax wroth over the wrongs of the Negro, and are always ready with bitter castigation of the South for the inadequate handling of her problems. Amusingly enough, the two attitudes often exist in the same mind, which revels in the conflicting emotions bred by them.

Whatever may be the respective merits of these notions, they are apt to be prejudicial to the creation of literature, and so it is grateful to observe the continuing appearance of writers in the South who are treating dispassionately the various aspects of its life. They write of the Negro, as of the white, realistically, sympathetically, and without mawkish sentiment, conceiving him as a natural source of dramatic material, a sometimes comic, but chiefly tragic, figure of human life. "Po' Buckra" is an admirable instance of this new ability on the part of writers to detach themselves from three customary fulcra of the emotions,—the plantation girl, the Negro, and the half-caste. The authors have ignored the old taboo of silence concerning miscegenation and have clothed it with the dignity suitable to genuine tragedy. This is the story of Judith Beaufain, the penniless heiress of an unproductive plantation to which she clings with superhuman tenacity. Marooned in a locality drained of all but poor whites or "po' buckra," denied all opportunity of finding the fulfilment of her life in love for one of her kind, she pours out the strong passions of her nature on the saving of her heritage, the Barony plantation; and since the up-hill fight to farm it requires man power, she marries as a desperate remedy a po' buckra, who unknown to her is really a "brass-ankle," the local term for the poor white with strains of both Negro and Indian: himself as tragic a battle-ground as was ever stained with warring bloods. Neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, owned by none of the races that commingle in him, the brass-ankle is truly the stepchild of civilization; and it is this mass of primitive and contradictory instincts that Judith tries to compress into the exacting mould of the country gentleman, the ideal to which she was educated. Barty is her major failure in a long series of gallant but unsuccessful bouts with circumstances.

To anyone conversant with the recent history of the Low Country plantations this girl's attempts at farming epitomise with painful fidelity the struggles of a whole group of planters, the victims of economic change. The displacement of water-grown rice, hand-cultivated because of the soft mud of the bottom lands, by the machine-worked highland rice of the Southwest; the scarcity of labor brought about by the drift of the Negro to the bedazzlements of the town; the expense of maintaining banks, or dykes, against freshets increasing with the deforestation of the Appalachian watershed; the cruel strain on the farmer with small capital to tide him over the years of adverse weather; all this heartbreak is only too familiar to the South Carolinian. And an impartial fate has remembered the cotton planter with his particular scourge in the shape of that winged fury, the boll weevil.

This sense of fate ennobles the story of Judith Beaufain's otherwise rather sordid life. The authors have seen it in the Greek manner, in which an irresistible force steadily crushes down one who starts up to oppose it, be he never so courageous. Judith is eminently endowed with courage; here is no sweet, helpless charmer of the stock Dixie romance. She is plain, older than her husband, able and willing to set hand to plough herself when necessary,—all utterly contrary to the concept of the Southern belle. The well-sustained realism of the authors is somewhat betrayed by their enthusiasm for her courage, —even an author might almost be excused for being moved by her lot. She is called on to suffer more than flesh and blood can endure and does so, to the detriment of her composition as flesh and blood. The infinitesimal number of Low Country plantations left in the hands of the original owners testify to the rarity of Judith's like.

With Barty, the brass-ankle, they have been wholly successful. Without extenuating the inevitable flaws in his hybrid character, they have presented his situation in a way that could not but wring pity from a stone. His Indian cruelty, intensified by the knowledge that every man's hand is against him; his "cracker" way of ignoring the rules of sportsmanship in hunting and in dealing with poachers; his assumption (of the uneducated Negro) that being a white gentleman, as his marriage has made him, means an easy life of riding and hunting, free of the evil necessity of working a farm; all these characteristics are brought out without destroying the reader's sympathy for the unfortunate man. The ingenious variety of petty persecutions laid on him by that arch-snob, Useful, the plantation raised Negro woman, is rich in truth and in what would be a Rabelaisian humor were the situation less tragic for Judith and for Barty.

Isa Glenn, the author of "A Short History of Julia," is a native-born but emigrated and somewhat disillusioned Southerner. To read these two books together is to realize how subtly yet clearly the viewpoint of an author is implied in his selection of incident though he may never express an opinion. Miss Glenn conceives of a small Southern town as nine-tenths pitiful sham,—a conspiracy of pride and pretence, ill concealing the vices of the dwellers behind its Georgian façades, and in her anxiety to expose them, she rather overdraws her characters and situations to the detriment of her rich material in the legitimate unmasking of the passions and weaknesses of a community of human souls. Passions and weaknesses do not differ greatly whether they be in Georgia, in Wessex, in the Five Towns, though their outward forms may vary according to the locality, and a genuine detachment on the part of an author will discriminate nicely between what is human and what is local.

But to return to Julia of the Small Town. There are two threads to her history as recounted by Miss Glenn. One is the explanation, veraciously conceived, of the number of spinsters to be found in such places. Julia, though not endowed with exceptional ability, is a girl of too much charm to have deserved her fate, which has the same cause as Judith Beaufain's very different one, the lack of opportunity for emotional fulfilment in a community whose adequate males have all gone forth into the world. With Julia the consequence is a gentle desiccation; the inevitable bridge club, the visiting of the sick, the substitute emotions aroused by other people's children. The quiet movement of her tragedy is Isa Glenn's style at its best. The inhibitions and consequent mental sufferings of this fine if rather dull girl are keenly felt and invested with a smooth, poetic melancholy. Her conversations, or rather, attempted conversations with her equally inhibited mother are the most convincing in a book of curiously unconvincing conversational passages. The trouble is not, apparently, with the qualities Miss Glenn gives her characters, they are real enough in a sinful world; it is their mode of expression that is wrong. One is constantly moved to exclaim, "But that kind of person doesn't talk that way!"

The other thread in the book is the story of Mammy Patty and Cynthia, dynastic servants of Julia and her mother. Their quite uninhibited though not much happier lives are made to parallel those of their respective mistresses, rather to the disadvantage of the latter. It is the conversations among these four that seem most improbable; the strong sense of propriety of the family house-servant, plus the instinct to secrete from the dominant race his private and a-moral pursuits, draw an impentrable curtain over the greater part of his life. Isa Glenn of the new school would like to tear down this curtain and dip her hands in the hot stream of lust, incest, and cutting-scrapes that flows in the back yard, and she is critical of the white women for maintaining the barrier, though how knowing of their servants' affairs would assist in the development of their own emotional lives is not quite clear. It would seem here that Miss Glenn confuses the barrier between black and white with that between mistress and servant. How many well-to-do housewives elsewhere mix in the amours of their Irish or Swedish cooks? After one of Julia's conversations with Cynthia comes one of the hardest improbabilities to swallow. She says to herself, "You must brace up. . . . Remember that you're white." It is the firm opinion of this reviewer that it no more occurs to the southern woman of Julia's social and economic standing to think of herself as a white woman than it does to think of herself as a biped. Yet the white as well as the negro is clearly becoming more race conscious and literature is spreading the idea. Whether it will help or hinder race relations the future will disclose, but there are still thousands of Southerners who have accepted their color without self-consciousness, and the citizens in backwaters such as Julia's town are still slumbering in a happy provinciality undisturbed by the realization that they are white.

Of course the author of a novel about the South has a peculiarly complicated task in character-drawing. He must avoid the "typical Southerner" of the stock variety which is a faulty conception in the public mind bred largely by sentimental post-Confederate literature; he must endeavor by a minute observance of living sources to synthesize the truly typical; and having found the type, he must subdue it to the creation of an individual human being. There are three elderly gentlemen in "A Short History of Julia" who are in no way important to the story but who are created as the type of Southern gentleman, and all of them are quite unpleasant and two of them wholly occupied with lascivious affairs with Negro girls. Few Southerners will deny that lascivious old men exist in the South as they do in the domain of Old Age wherever it may be geographically located, and it is equally certain that there are such mixed relations in southern communities, but an objection may be raised without hypocrisy to the implication that this is the regular thing in the present-day South. Miss Glenn gives no hint that this conduct is unusual (unless indeed the liveliness of her septuagenarians is intended as a subtle tribute on her part to the virility of Southern manhood); rather she constantly insinuates that there is more of it than she has chosen to disclose. There can be no quarrel with her understandable desire to debunk that most objectionable of stock figures, the Southern Colonel, but again, it is the overemphasis that impairs the reader's sympathy.

If only an author might arise who would write of a Southerner as primarily a human being, with the local color coming out only incidentally, as it inevitably would in any fully conceived character portrait! Shoddy sentiment is in disrepute, for which all honor to the contemporary writer; what we ask of him now is a yet more faithful truth.

Clean the Shelves

(*Continued from page 411*)

if you throw out your grandfather's "Rasselas" by mistake with the litter, someone else with new cleaned space will delightedly buy it in again.

There are not, as so many complain, too many good books. There are too many footling, foolish, dry-rotted, or soft-fibred books standing around when they should be burnt, too many books published only to be bought, too many books used as a "color note," books as paper weights, books for the baby to sit on, books kept as the feeble proof that someone has been educated, books that are everything but good books.

Cut your losses, cash in where you can, reduce stock, bare the counters, take warning from the mistakes of your parents, and then—intelligently and with your own taste in command—for others or for yourself—buy books for Christmas.

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The Bowling Green

John Mistletoe, XIX.

IT was comic in such a place to be still tweaked by awareness of Time. But we had promised Shakespeare to be in Stratford that afternoon; so in the usual perversity of humans we left one of the few truly Shakespearean scenes in England to go and dig the dust at Stratford. Good friend for Jesus sake forbear, was his last word to this world. They have observed the letter of the prayer, but not, for anyone's sake, the spirit. The last thing we saw in Oxford was the swans in Worcester garden, the quadrangle where De Quincey lived. I wish we had gone into the hall where he was sconced for appearing at dinner without a waistcoat, "from indisposition to bestow on a tailor what I had destined for a bookseller." True spirit of Chaucer's Clerk! Can I not see his small face at the window, pale master of the purple word. The modern lover of Oxford sometimes whispers to himself Quiller-Couch's lines—

Know you her secret none can utter?
Hers of the Book, the tripled Crown?
Still on the spire the pigeons flutter;
Still by the gateway haunts the gown;
Still on the street from corbel and gutter
Faces of stone look down.

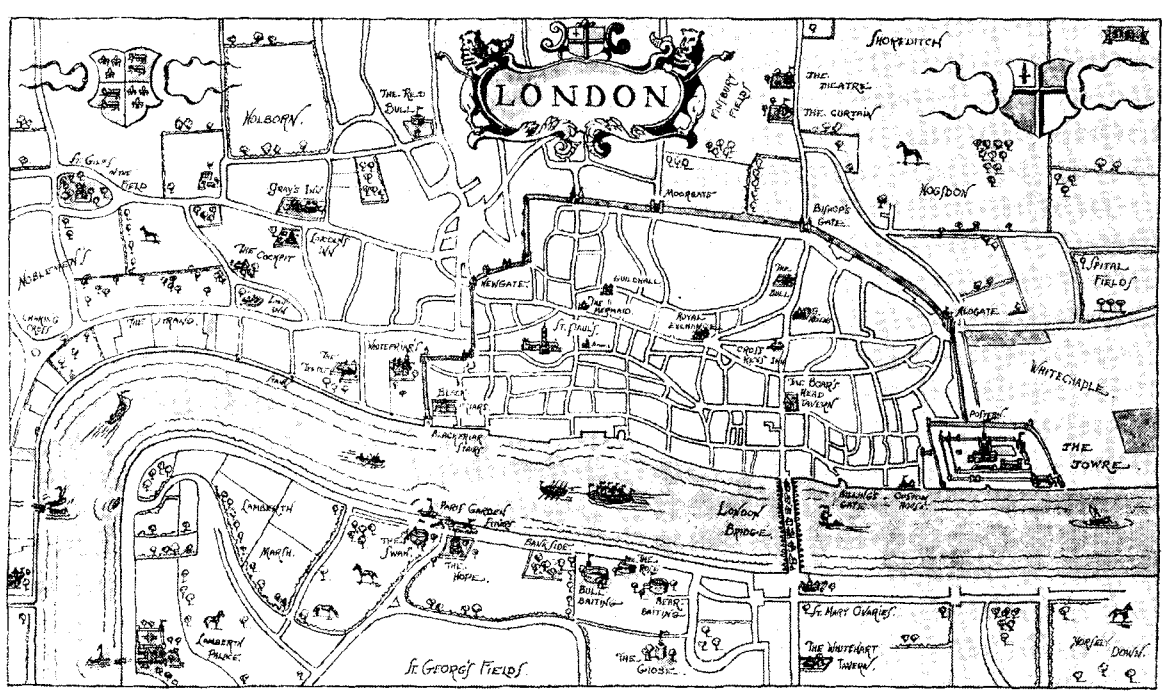
Faces of stone, and other faces—
Some from library windows wan
Forth on her gardens, her green spaces,
Peer and turn to their books anon.
Hence, my Muse, from the green oases
Gather the tent, begone!

We gathered, and went. As the wench Lagonda turned toward the White Hart at Wytham for our bread-and-cheese lunch I wondered what De Quincey would have thought of her mental miracles of passion—he who was in ecstasy when the mail coach ran at thirteen miles an hour. Would he not have found in her also, as he did on the box of the Manchester Mail, the Glory of Motion and the Vision of Sudden Death? Yes, and a Dream Fugue also.

* * *

We went too fast. It was hard to shoot over Swinford Bridge pausing only long enough to pay toll; the bridge where bicyclists used to sit idly swinging legs over the river. There one usually remembered the near manor of Stanton Harcourt where Pope saw the two lovers killed together by lightning in the hayfield and wrote some sprightly epitaphs for them, which were considered too sophisticated for the village church. This afternoon a storm would have been welcome; the heat was incredible. With coats off, Lagonda's maroon leather scorched the shoulders. The upland way we chose, bearing off from Witney through Charlbury and Chipping Norton, was a clear blaze of burning stupor. Furnace air pressed hard upon us. Lagonda yelled and threw miles beneath her.

Far away to the left were the Cotswolds he once knew: lucid Colne and Windrush, and the heights of Chedworth where some old Roman thought good times had come and settled down to be a country gentleman. Bibury in its green wimpled valley where a boy went one cold spring vacation to live for a month in the cottage of the postman and study for examinations. Such solitary pleasure as only the student knows; mornings and long evenings over books, the back warmed by a small coal fire. The prolonged annotation of Louis Blanc's *Organisation du Travail* for a special thesis on the French Republic of 1848. Oh laborious information, where are you now? How can he organize his own travail to give some miniature of that pleasant bumpkin time? The afternoons on bicycle, pedalling with or against the March gales on those open slopes; the cry of newborn Cotswold lambs, strange sounds so few have heard. What boy-instinct took him to unmarred Bibury where life was as anciently simple as the sheep-shearing interlude of Winter's Tale? It is something to have spent weeks of equinox alone with Cotswold gales. Examinations hung heavy on the horizon, the bittersweet anticipation of the last Summer Term, the anxiety of the child soon to be shoveled out to discover a living. Then, for once in life, he tasted the placid relish of unbroken application. There was only one parenthesis: to bicycle back to Oxford with the MS of a deeply-felt but pedestrian poem to be typed and submitted in time for that year's Newdigate competition. It was (very rightly) unsuccessful, but the subject set that year was "Oxford," and had to be attempted. How could a boy be happier than bicycling in from a Cotswold trout-village with the rough draft of a poem on Oxford in his pocket? Let greasy roads skidder under his wheels and the cold small rain sting his face. The almond blossoms were budding by Magdalen Bridge. There was another important reason also for this return. Inquiry into the life of Louis Blanc revealed the fact that Viscount Morley had once known him. A letter had been written in the hope of learning some personal memories of the French liberal. To which Lord Morley had very kindly replied that he would shortly be visiting All



Shakespeare's London, by Douglas Borgstedt.

Souls (of which he was honorary fellow) and the inquirer might call and ask questions. In that frail, knowing and admirable old profile he suddenly saw what austere greatness might look like. The old man was dressing for dinner, assisted by a valet, and the boy remembers how the latter came to the door and said "His Lordship will see you now." He was profoundly impressed by the thought that age and worth might rise so high as to be attended by a personal man-servant. As for Louis Blanc, he was only a phantom excuse for a reverent glimpse of one of the great rationalists of the Victorian age.

* * *

Perhaps you have forgotten the pure dream of excellence that burns in the thoughts of youth? "Let fame that all hunt after in their lives," bursts out our Shakespeare in one of his very earliest bravuras. I would give little for the boy who is not troubled by that passion. It is only later that he may learn how shabbily it can transform into "Rumour, painted full of tongues." The student was thrilled about that time to discover the good epitaph of Lionel Johnson, a New College poet not now much remembered:—

Bonarum Omnium Litterarum Peritus Aestimator Inter Poetas Wiccamicos Haud Minimus Habebitur.

That, he said to himself, is the kind of epitaph worth dying for. You could not possibly tear such thoughts from any boy himself, but he can admit them later if they happen to encourage others not to be afraid of their equal ingenuousness.

Many Cotswold thoughts lay on the left as Lagonda raged across the lonely Chipping Norton highland. Rollright is the name on the map, and she did. Far behind them somewhere was an old Cotswold church. I think, from the description he gave, it must have been Cirencester; or possibly Winchcombe. He remembered only a tall square tower overlooking a market place, and wide sweeps of brown country. On one of those windy March days a boy climbing the tower groped up the dark spiral stair and heard the gusts boom round the old stone shell. At the top he stood long under tall pinnacles and looked abroad, lonely and happy and uneasy. Four Roman roads ran off like a cross, to the ends of empire. Wind flapped and hummed in sudden diapasons.

He was going down the stair again, feeling his way in the black middle of the tower, when he heard voices coming up from below. Feminine voices, just such treble squeals as you would expect of two girls climbing a blind passage in freakish mood and suspecting no stranger. One voice was fulsomely flapperish, but the other had what the youths of his coterie used to call the Kathleen quality; Kathleen being a name symbolizing for them some special charm of coquetting virginity. It was a blithe voice, with the clear birdlike chirping that makes English feminine prattle irresistibly quaint to the American; it was a timbre allegro and mischievous, not (as was the other) merely silly and banal. He heard these two voices rising up the narrow twist of the stairs. If it were only *that* one, he thought; for much of life's meaning and magic can pass hastily through a boy's mind if you put him alone in the dark and let him hear, suddenly, the right kind of voice.

Undoubtedly the proper gallantry would have been to retreat on tiptoe to the top of the tower, and let them discover him there, then modestly remove without frightening them. On the other hand it would be excellent mischief to groan reverberantly and start a ghost legend; but in that case they would scream and retreat. He waited in the complete darkness until their ascending chatter was quite near and offered a pause. He spoke as gently and Englishly as possible. "So sorry! 'squite all right. I'm just coming down. Beastly dark. Rather a stumor. Frightfully jolly old place," or whatever the current jargon was.

Outcry of frightened amazement; screeches from voice number 1 in hysteric falsetto; but in voice number 2 a scene of venturesome comedy prevailed. Her accent really was delicious. *Aiow*, the other one kept exclaiming (who can put into phonetic a certain English way of saying "Oh"?) but number 2 insisted "Don't be silly. I want to see the view."

"Keep over to your right," he said. (The stair was very narrow.) They came along, groping the outer curve. Number 1 sounded uppermost, evidently being prodded from behind. They were laughing now, a bit anxiously. Voice number 1 bumped past with a provocative screech. "Go ahead, you're all right," he said, urging her on. Perhaps Voice number 2 would pause a moment.

She was on the same step. He could feel her brush delicately close. He put out a hand and touched her elbow. It was a nice elbow in rough tweed; there was a faint mingled breath of tweed and hair. Blood pushes fast at such a moment. How pleasant to invent a little fable; mystic communication impulsive in the darkness; an arm about her soft body; lips joining; a few tremulous words, available in memory for pretty allegory. Alas that truth must be so humble. "Careful, don't slip." "Thanks, very decent of you."

A lovely voice. Of course he might have lit a match—but he didn't *want* to see her.

"Cheerio!" They went on into the darkness. The damp old stones smelled of death. He trembled as he felt his way down. It was difficult, when he stood in the churchyard, not to look up at the high turret, swimming against dizzy blue, but he didn't. He got on his bicycle and rode back to the Republic of 1848. He wondered that evening if the gallant Lamartine would have been so bashful. There seemed to be no consolation at all in the incident. It was—what is the legal tag—"irrelevant, incompetent, immaterial." Perhaps that was why he had completely forgotten it until Logonda showed him those far slopes of Cotswold over his left shoulder. Goodbye and good luck.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Dashing Jeb Stuart

JEB STUART. By JOHN W. THOMASON, JR. Illustrated by the author. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by ULRICH B. PHILLIPS

GIVEN a professional soldier of Confederate lineage and loyalty, wielding a sprightly, romantic pen on the career of the most alert and high-hearted of cavalry commanders, Captain Thomason's "Jeb Stuart" results.

Bugles call, brave men mount, guidons flutter, hoofs thud, sabres flash and clash, and riderless horses trot across the field. Videttes watch the roads, infantry columns march with squadrons of horse to screen them, advance guards engage, couriers gallop, supports deploy, musketry rattles, cannon roar, and regiments reel. The campaign ended, pretty girls clip the buttons from Stuart's coat, and cast wistful glances at his ostrich plume. In bivouac, while Sweeny strums his banjo, Stuart leads the song: "If you want to have a good time, jine the cavalry." This we have read before in the memoirs of that lusty Prussian soldier of fortune, Heros von Borcke, in the stories of John Esten Cooke, and in many another fife-and-drum romance and history. It is here set forth again, with engaging phrase and infectious gusto which carry the reader without fatigue except where the tale of campaigns is overladen with names of places, officers, and units, or with excess of statistics.

Though the seamy side is not ignored, the saddle-sores on the horses' backs are not so much displayed as in the letters of Charles Francis Adams, nor the grievous dearth of forage and the desperate shortage of Confederate remounts as in the researches of C. W. Ramsdell. Nor is there definite analysis of the function of cavalry in that particular time as affected by improvement of guns great and small and by the recourse to field intrenchment. There is occasional criticism of strategy, with Stuart not invariably praised; but from start to finish the book is essentially narrative. The tale has been guided by the records, and enriched by the use of some family letters. The presence of an index at the end, as well as the elaborate accounts of Lee's campaigns in the text, evinces a serious purpose. But there is no pretense of profundity, and the achievement is rather to exhilarate than to inform. A boy's book, in a sense, it clutches the boy who lingers and lives in a man's bosom. But the man, upon laying the book down, may say to himself with a sigh that a warrior's career, however gallant, is not quite properly human.

As illustrations there are pen-and-ink sketches by the author, among which the frontispiece helps to prove the text's assertion that Stuart's West Point nickname, "Beauty," was of ironical origin. The few sketch-maps are helpful. But why does the jacket show Stuart in a uniform distinctly more blue than gray?

A Tale of China

THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN. By GRACE ZARING STONE. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by ALICE TISDALE HOBART

THE author for the first hundred pages of her novel tells realistically the story of an American girl in Shanghai in the fear-ridden days of 1927. The incident of the white orphans seeking safety within the wire entanglements of the settlement, the climax of this part of the novel, is authentic in spirit and atmosphere. Then suddenly the tone of the book changes. Reality is at an end and fancy rides where it listeth.

Just as the orphans are safely placed in rickshas, the American girl is hit on the head and when she regains consciousness, she seems to have slipped through Alice's looking glass into a fantastic Chinese world where in the midst of the grim realities of the historic Nanking incident and the warlords' last desperate struggle to hold their own against the advancing Nationalist army, one of these warlords arrives like a fairy prince in the nick of time, rescues her from the hands of the anti-foreign mob, and carries her off, along with his favorite concubine, to his flower-decked lair on West Lake near Hangchow. There while he and his little empire topple to ruin he makes delicate love to her, never trespassing beyond the careful barriers she sets up. It is the old trite and superficial tale of an impossible China, albeit camouflaged with a few realities.

One of the Victorians

LYTTON STRACHEY
Courtesy of *Vanity Fair*

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE was one of the salient figures of mid-Victorian England. In that society of prepotent personages he more than held his own. He was not merely the author of the famous History; he was a man of letters who was also a man of the world, an accomplished gentleman whose rich nature overflowed with abounding energy, a sportsman, a yachtsman, a brilliant and magnificent talker—and something more: one in whose presence it was impossible not to feel a hint of mystery, of strange melancholy, an uncomfortable suggestion of enigmatic power. His most impressive appearance completed the effect—the height, the long, pale face, the massive, vigorous features, the black hair and eyebrows, and the immense eyes with their glowing darkness, whose color—so a careful observer noted—was neither brown, nor blue, nor black, but red. What was the explanation of it all? What was the inner cause of this *brio* and this sadness, this passionate earnestness and this sardonic wit? One wonders, as his after-dinner listeners used to wonder, in the 'sixties, with a little shiver, while the port went round, and the ladies waited in the drawing-room.

Perhaps it is easier for us than for them to make, at any rate, a guess; for we know more of the facts and we have our modern psychology to give us confidence. Perhaps the real explanation was old Mr. Froude, who was a hunting parson of a severely conventional type with a marked talent for water-colors. Mrs. Froude had died early, leaving the boy to be brought up by this iron-bound clergyman and some brothers much older than himself. His childhood was wretched, his boyhood was frightful. He was sent, ill and overgrown, to college at Westminster, and there—it was, as the biographers dutifully point out, in the bad old days before the influence of Dr. Arnold had turned the public schools into models of industry and civilized behavior—he suffered, for two years, indescribable torment. He was removed in disgrace, flogged by his father for imaginary delinquencies, and kept at home for two years more in the condition of an outcast. His eldest brother, Hurrell, who was one of the leaders in the new fashion of taking Christianity seriously and mortified his own flesh by eating fish on Fridays, egged on the parental discipline with pious glee. At last, grown too old for castigation, the lad was allowed to go to Oxford.

There, for the first time in his life, he began to enjoy himself, and became engaged to an attractive young lady. But he had run up bills with the Oxford tradesmen, had told his father they were less than they were, the facts had come out, and old Mr. Froude, declaring that his son was little better than a common swindler, denounced him as such to the young lady's father, who thereupon broke off the engagement. It seems surprising that Anthony resisted the temptation of suicide—that he had the strength and the courage to outface his misfortunes, to make a career for himself, and became a highly successful man. What is more surprising is that his attitude towards his father never ceased, from first to last, to be one of intense admiration. He might struggle, he might complain, he might react, but he always, with a strange, overpowering instinctiveness, adored. Old Mr. Froude had drawn a magic circle round his son, from which escape was impossible; and the creature, whose life had been almost ruined by his father's moral cruelty, who—to all appearances—had thrown off the yoke, and grown into maturity with the powerful, audacious, sceptical spirit of a free man, remained in fact in secret servitude—a disciplinarian, a protestant, even a churchgoer, to the very end.

Possibly, the charm might have been exorcised by an invocation to science, but Froude remained curiously aloof from the dominating influence of his age; and instead, when his father had vanished, submitted himself to Carlyle. The substitution was symptomatic; the new father expressed in explicit dogma the unconscious teaching of the old. To the present generation Carlyle presents a curious problem—it is so very difficult to believe that real, red-hot lava ever flowed from that dry, neglected crater; but the present generation never heard Carlyle talk. For many years Froude heard little else; he became an evangelist; but when he produced his gospel, it met, like some others, with a mixed reception. The Victorian public, unable to understand a form of hero worship which laid bare the faults of the hero, was appalled, and refused to believe what was the simple fact—that Froude's adoration was of so complete a kind that it shrank with horror from the notion of omitting a single wart from the portrait. To us the warts are obvious; our only difficulty is to account for the adoration. However, since it led incidentally to the publication of Mrs. Carlyle's letters as well as her husband's, we can only be thankful.

The main work of Froude's life, the "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada," began to appear in 1856 and was completed in 1870. It is undoubtedly a deeply interesting book, full of thought, of imagination, and of excitement, the product of great industry and great power of writing; whether it ranks among the small first class of histories is less certain. Contemporary critics found much to complain of in it, but their strictures were on the whole beside the mark. Among them the most formidable was Professor Freeman, who dissected Froude with the utmost savagery month after month and year after year in the pages of the *Saturday Review*. Freeman was a man of considerable learning, and of an ill-temper even more considerable; his minute knowledge of the Early English, his passionate devotion to the Anglo-Saxons, and his intimate conviction (supported by that of Dr. Stubbs) that he (with the possible exception of Dr. Stubbs) was the supreme historian, made a strange mixture in his mind, boiling and simmering together over the flames of a temperamental vexation. Unfortunately no particle of this heat ever reached his printed productions, which were remarkable for their soporific qualities and for containing no words but those of Anglo-Saxon descent. The spirit not only of the school but of the Sunday school was what animated those innumerable pages, adorning with a parochial earnestness the heavy burden of research.

* * *

Naturally enough Froude's work, so colored, so personal, so obviously written by somebody who was acquainted with the world as well as Oxford, acted like a red rag on the Professor. He stormed, he stamped, his fiery and choleric beard shook with indignation. He declared that the book was a mass of inaccuracies and a dastardly attack upon the Church of England. The former accusation was the more important, and the Professor devoted years to the proof of it. Unluckily for him, however, the years only revealed more and more clearly the indisputable value of Froude's work in the domain of pure erudition. He was not a careful transcriber, and he occasionally made a downright blunder; but such blemishes are of small moment compared with the immense addition he made to historical knowledge by his exploration and revelation of the manuscripts at Simancas. Froude was dignified; he kept silence for twenty years, and then replied to his tormentor in an article so crushing as to elicit something almost like an apology. But he was more completely avenged in a very different and quite unexpected manner.

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by Lytton Strachey

Mr. Horace Round, a "burrower into wormholes" living in Brighton, suddenly emerged from the parchments among which he spent his life deliciously gnawing at the pedigrees of the proudest families of England, and in a series of articles fell upon Freeman with astonishing force. The attack was particularly serious because it was delivered at the strongest point in the Professor's armor—his exactitude, his knowledge of his authorities, his undeviating attention to fact, and it was particularly galling because it was directed against the very crown and culmination of the Professor's history—his account of the Battle of Hastings. With masterly skill Mr. Round showed that, through a variety of errors, the whole nature of the battle had been misunderstood and misrepresented; more than that, he proved that the name of "Senlac" with which Freeman had christened it and which he had imposed upon the learned world, was utterly without foundation and had been arrived at by a foolish mistake. Mr. Round was an obscure technician, but he deserves the gratitude of Englishmen for having extirpated that odious word from their vocabulary.

The effect of these articles on Freeman was alarming: his blood boiled, but he positively made no reply. For years the attacks continued, and for years the Professor was dumb. Fulminating rejoinders rushed into his brain, only to be whisked away again—they were not quite fulminating enough. The most devastating article of all was written, was set up in proof, but was not yet published; it contained the *exposé* of "Senlac," and rumors of its purport and approaching appearances were already flying about in museums and common rooms. Freeman was aghast at this last impertinence; but still he nursed his wrath. Like King Lear, he would do such things—what they were yet he knew not—but they should be the terrors of the earth. At last, silent and purple, he gathered his female attendants about him, and left England for an infuriated holiday. There was an ominous pause; and then the fell news reached Brighton. The Professor had gone pop in Spain. Mr. Round, however, was remorseless, and published. It was left for his adversary's pupils and admirers to struggle with him as best they could; but they did so ineffectively; and he remained, like the Normans, in possession of the field.

A true criticism of Froude's history implies a wider view than Freeman's. The theme of the book was the triumph of the Reformation in England—a theme not only intensely dramatic in itself, but one which raised a multitude of problems of profound and perennial interest. Froude could manage the drama (though in his hands it sometimes degenerated into melodrama) well enough; it was his treatment of the philosophical issues that was defective. Carlyle—it seems hardly credible—actually believed that the Revolution was to be explained as a punishment meted out to France for her loose living in the eighteenth century, and Froude's ethical conceptions, though they were not quite so crude, belonged to the same infantile species as his master's. The Protestants were right and the Catholics were wrong. Henry VIII enabled the Protestants to win; therefore Henry VIII was an admirable person; such was the kind of proposition by which Froude's attitude towards that period of vast and complicated import was determined.

His Carlylean theories demanded a Hero, and Henry VIII came pat to hand; he refused to see—what is plain to any impartial observer—that the Defender of the Faith combined in a peculiar manner the unpleasant vices of meanness and brutality; no! he made the Reformation—he saved England—he was a demi-god. How the execution of Catherine Howard—a young girl who amused herself—helped forward Protestant England we are not told. Froude's insensitiveness to cruelty becomes, indeed, at times, almost pathological. When King and Parliament between them have a man boiled alive in Smithfield market, he is favorably impressed; it is only when Protestants are tortured that there is talk of martyrdom. The bias, no doubt, gives a spice to the work, but it is a cheap spice—bought, one feels, at the coöperative stores. The whiggery of Macaulay may be tiresome, but it has the flavor of an aristocracy about it, of a high intellectual tradition; while Froude's protestantism is—there is really only one word for it—provincial.

A certain narrowness of thought and feeling—that may be forgiven, if it is expressed in a style of sufficient mastery. Froude was an able, a brilliant writer, copious and vivid, with a picturesque imagination and a fine command of narrative. His grand set-pieces—the execution of Somerset and Mary Queen of Scots, the end of Cranmer, the ruin of the Armada—go off magnificently, and cannot be forgotten; and, apart from these, the extraordinary succession of events assumes, as it flows through his pages, the thrilling lineaments of a great story, upon whose issue the most *blasé* reader is forced to hang entranced. Yet the supreme quality of style seems to be lacking. One is uneasily aware of a looseness in the texture, an absence of concentration in the presentment, a failure to fuse the *whole* material into organic life. Perhaps, after all, it is the intellect and the emotion that are at fault here too; perhaps when one is hoping for genius, it is only talent—only immense talent—that one finds. One thinks of the mysterious wisdom of Thucydides, of the terrific force of Tacitus, of the Gibbonian balance and lucidity and coördination—ah! to few, to very few among historians is it granted to bring the ktema es aei into the world. And yet . . . if only, one feels, this gifted, splendid man could have stepped back a little, could have withdrawn from the provinciality of Protestantism and the crudity of the Carlylean dogma, could have allowed himself, untrammelled, to play upon his subject with his native art and his native wit! Then, surely, he would have celebrated other virtues besides the unpleasant ones; he would have seen some drawbacks to power and patriotism, he would have preferred civilization to fanaticism, and Queen Elizabeth to John Knox. He might even have written immortal English. But alas! these are vain speculations; old Mr. Froude would never have permitted anything of the sort.

Lytton Strachey, author of the foregoing article, might almost be termed the father of contemporary biography. His "Eminent Victorians," issued in 1918, *inaugurated a new epoch in biographical writing, the imitators of Strachey today being legion. The success of that book was followed by that of his "Queen Victoria." Among his other works are "Landmarks in French Literature," and "Books and Characters."*

Abd el Hai, the Sea Wolf

PEARLS, ARMS, AND HASHISH. By Henri de Monfried. As Told to Ida Treat. New York: Coward-McCann. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by William McFee

THIS is by far the most satisfactory personal adventure narrative which has come to hand for a long while. Henri de Monfried satisfies the most exacting reader. One is never for a moment suspicious that his amanuensis is crediting him with words he could not use or thoughts he would not entertain. The impression conveyed by Ida Treat's really superb rendering of the French sea-rover's story is that M. de Monfried could write very well indeed if he thought it worth while, but that he expresses himself as a rule in other ways.

Briefly, Henri de Monfried is the son of a Bostonian artist of French descent who lived in the south of France and married a French peasant girl. The boy grew up and tried various callings, but finally yielded to a *Wanderlust* which took him to French Somaliland, at the southern end of the Red Sea. He became a Moslem and engaged in pearling, gun-running, slaving, and the smuggling of hashish into Egypt. He has a family. He is fifty years old. The Arabs call him Abd el Hai. This book is what he calls the first half of his life. He is too interested in life itself to take consolation in memoirs as yet. The British navy calls him the Sea Wolf. He makes a hobby of raising the French flag on islands inconveniently near to British coaling stations.

We may pardon Miss Ida Treat for claiming the French son of a French American Huguenot as one of her own race; but there is nothing American in Henri de Monfried's philosophy or conception of literary style. The astonishing thing is the exact fidelity to his character in Miss Treat's transcriptions. She urged him to write and he refused. She offered to be his Boswell, and he must have been a perfect subject. His mind is as lean and sinewy as his body. He is a genuine gentleman adventurer. His English captors took to him instantly and he repays them by delineating them in masterly fashion.

It would be trite and untrue to say this book is "better than a novel!" We must judge it by its peers and in such a trial it takes a very high place. One suspects, by the mocking allusions to "revolt in the desert," that M. de Monfried has his own opinion of the slightly crazy Colonel. He actually is what Joseph Conrad might have become had he remained in the gun-running business on the Franco-Spanish coast. There are, indeed, sketches of sea-boards and seamen in this book which recall the master's hand and mind. And there is never a word too much. A touch light as a feather; an ironical glance as his adversary departs defeated or an equally ironical bow as the British Lion mauls him and lets him go—to try again. His Somalis worship him. His fellow-countrymen are scandalized and puzzled by him. The English like him. We wait impatiently for the second book of the life of Adb el Hai. But he must write it himself. He is perfectly competent to do so.

Psammead

NOW is the time for the pleasantest Club in the world to take in a lot of new members. L. E. N. are the initials of the Club—the Lovers of E. Nesbit—and the secret password is *Psammead*—pronounced *Sammyad*. To know what the Psammead was like and why, you must read "The Five Children"* by E. Nesbit. It doesn't matter very much who you are, the Psammead will be good for what ails you; but of course you are luckiest if you are anywhere from 11 to 14 years old.

Good old Psammead. Likewise good old Phoenix, another hero of these delightful stories. They were born in the *Strand Magazine* in 1902 and 1903, and they kept us going (those of us who were about 12 years old in that romantic time) in the interval when Sherlock Holmes was supposed to be dead and we had read all the Anthony Hope and F. Anstey and W. W. Jacobs available. Now those enchanting stories have come to life again in golden brightness, just as the Phoenix did when the children accidentally dropped the egg into the fireplace. It is a fine fat book over 800 pages and now Life can start afresh. I'm going to stop worrying so much about things now Psammead and Phoenix are back on the job. Yes, and even H. R. Millar's drawings which we were fond of are there too.

I can't speak for other children; I only know that to my taste Mrs. Nesbit was perfect and remains so. She understood magic but she knew that even underneath magic there are rules that can't be dodged. Even a Psammead that can grant a Wish a day cannot prevent you from wishing foolishly. When the children wished for Vast Wealth, and the sand-pit was suddenly full of golden coins, how your heart aches for them for they soon found they couldn't use the money. No one would take it. And those excellent (and quarrelsome) children, they were fond of ginger beer, my favorite drink. How thirsty it makes me to read how the bottle of ginger beer got spilled in the sand one hot day.

And the story of the Phoenix and the Carpet—did any story ever begin better than that does? If you don't realize how important a Phoenix is look up the telephone directory and see how many business men have taken the immortal bird for their patron saint. You can disregard the business men who have tried to spell it *Phenix*. The bird would disapprove of that, I think. The story of the golden fowl's visit to the big Insurance Company's office in London might put ideas into all sorts of Big Business heads.

Mrs. Nesbit's gay and thrilling book has come to us a long way in time and space. It is too full of really good stories to spoil it by writing solemnly about it. It means itself to be read and enjoyed and once it gets into a sensible home it never gets out again. The intelligent publishers have given it a strong tough binding that will stand the work of many hands. It is one of those loved and honorable books that look best when grimed by much happy reading.

Christopher Morley.

* THE FIVE CHILDREN. By E. Nesbit. New York: Coward-McCann. 1930. $3.

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THERE are two books before us by Alfred Noyes, published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. The first is "Forty Singing Seamen and Other Poems," designed and decorated by Elizabeth MacKinstry, the second is the third volume of Mr. Noyes's trilogy, "The Torch-Bearers," this one being entitled "The Last Voyage." We have always admired Mr. Noyes's best work; though he has been a most copious writer and has frequently displayed nothing more than facility. He has even tried his hand at short stories and essays and at least one light novel. But his true *forte* remains what it was in the beginning when we first read "The Barrel-Organ," in which this poet whose poems are, at least, always bright with color, accomplished what might be called a Pavement Symphony. He caught up the rhythms of the barrel-organ, or as we call it over here, hurdy-gurdy, and displayed a command of metrics that actually transferred those reeling, rollicking rhythms to the printed page. More than this he built up his London scene around and behind the street piano with such skill and significance that anybody was compelled to recognize a new talent engaged in doing something refreshingly different from the general run of the verse of the time. In this first period of his he also produced a ballad, "The Highwayman" that has become a set piece for school recitation, and another, "Forty Singing Seamen," which for the first time delved in that mine of humorous fantasy that is the mythical Sir John Mandeville in his famous fourteenth century book of travels—humorous, that is, to the modern intelligence, though read largely as a gospel in its own day.

It is the last named of these poems that gives the title to the book Miss Mackinstry has illustrated with glowing colour. "The Highwayman" is here also. "Bacchus and the Pirates," from a later volume, transforms the old legend of the great vine of Dionysus sprouting up through that fabled ship of the Greek Ægean into a thumping recitation of how "Half a hundred terrible pigtails" (our old friends of "Forty Singing Seamen," being a crew of cutlasses that recall both Robert Louis Stevenson and the more comic creations of Ralph Bergengren) capture the god of wine on "the happiest isle of the Happy Islands," and the fate that befalls them thereafter. Then we have "The Admiral's Ghost," adding a new Devonshire belief to the story of Drake's Drum that Sir Henry Newbolt put into such memorable verses. We have never felt ourselves that Mr. Noyes quite brought off the effect he sought for in his ballad. "The Tramp *Transfigured*," a long fantastic poem with an allegorical significance that gets rather too involved, follows, and "Black Bill's Honeymoon," from "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern," closes the collection. The second of its cantos quite succesfully adapts a metre of Drayton's.

Through all his voluminous work Noyes has demonstrated that he has unusual metrical range. As a narrative poet telling a high-spirited story full of the glamour of the past or of the Never-Never-Land, in swinging rolling choruses, he develops a vein of considerable humor and a music always somewhat akin to the music of his own Barrel Organ, good things to get from any man, as wine and song are good in front of a wood fire. We are aware that rather thin-blooded people have little use for such, as they conceive them to be, childish things. With this we are in pleasant disagreement. There is no mistaking Mr. Noyes's genuine gift for this sort of thing. In this sort he has enriched the world of books with new delightful matter. Indeed, finer to our mind than any poems shown here are his early "Orpheus and Eurydice" and that gem of the "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern" that concerns Will Kemp's famous dance over England for a wager and is entitled "The Companion of a Mile." In both these poems practically nothing goes wrong, the intention is fully achieved, the construction is sound, and the metrical accomplishment is little short of amazing. Indeed, any thorough study of Mr. Noyes's versification will reveal many a metrical innovation. Which brings us to what we consider his second claim to attention, the fact that the man, from the first, has been a genuine singer.

The trend of modern poetry, as we have remarked before, is quite away from the song. Mr. Masefield's is a far graver strain. Mr. De la Mare has, of course, given us enchanting songs, Mr. Hodgson a few, but of the purest lyric quality. There have been others in England. And we have had our own poets who were singers primarily. A notable example in America has been Miss Sara Teasdale. These poets, however, of our own generation and before, are no longer the poets of the immediate day. And the trend of that day is most certainly quite away from the song pure and simple. The younger poets have probably considered it to be rather too simple, a mistaken judgment in our own view if it is to mean that a kind of poetry that Shakespeare himself was the last to despise is gradually to go out of existence. Mr. Noyes began with undoubted aptitude for the lyric that is the song and retained his spontaneity for some time. This is not to say that he always wrote successful songs, but scattered through his work are delightful examples of what the Elizabethans referred to sometimes as "catches." Such an one is the well-known one on the mountain laurel, the one beginning "In lonely bays," the lyric in "Drake," "Let not Love go too." Then there are such poems as the haunting "Mist in the Valley," the translation of Verlaine, the short poem, "The Waggon," where a religiosity which has always been the Nemesis of much of Mr. Noyes's verse, and a tendency toward melodrama and bathos in most of his more serious work—and he can be so serious that it makes one's mind ache—are shed away and a thorough sincerity is manifest. A selected volume of his lyrics and shorter poems would have to be most strictly edited, most carefuly sifted. A great deal would perforce go into the discard; but out of all the work he has done it is our own belief that a small gathering of the very best would surprise the critics who have been estranged by his worst, which has, unfortunately, been far too frequent.

Indeed, when one considers him at his best, either in mere metrics or in his later more deeply-felt and strongly-willed and always directly expressed meditations upon the mystery of life, it is difficult to see how it has been possible for him at times to write so badly. Yet it has. The reason may be that he seems, as revealed in his verse, a man of intense emotions sometimes quite out of the control of his reason. We can illustrate what we mean by something he does in "The Last Voyage," now before us. He has been giving us, though fragmentarily, an interesting dramatic picture of Louis Pasteur, whose significance in the history of medicine he fully appreciates. He comes to that hour when the Academy of France assembled "to instal their new immortal, Louis Pasteur, in a death-vacated chair." Renan is presiding. All the poet's sympathy is with Pasteur and against Renan whom he calls a "slight analyst of Christ" and whom he regards as cold and seems to hate for being witty. Pasteur is to speak "in eulogy of the dead," namely "Littré, his forerunner, who had been The chief disciple of Conte." Mr. Noyes shows us the "bent and grey Pasteur" musing that he cannot ever "tell a cynical throng like this" what he saw when he visited the dead man's house (Littré's), namely—and it is brought out portentously—a crucifix on the wall of the room where Littré worked. . .

that crucifix.
Not his own. . . .
His wife's, and yet, O doubly then his own. . . .

which, to our mind, immediately takes all real point from the incident. It was not significant, surely, of anything in Littré, that his wife's crucifix was on the wall, beyond a natural deep human love. It may or it may not have meant more than that, but there is certainly not an iota of proof that it meant more than that. And, as to Renan, in spite of the poet's comments upon him, when his speech comes, after Pasteur's, even though he may have sought to prove "his own preëminent wit," it seems to us the expression of a difference of opinion polite even to gentleness. One feels that the scales are not being held even, that the poet's own passionate predilection has warped his interpretation.

We do not know whether or not Mr. Noyes has now become a Roman Catholic. We have read this last volume of his trilogy with respect for his faith, often in the past strongly, and sometimes overstrongly, asserted by him. There would seem to be indications that he had joined the Church toward a membership in which all his former analyses of the doctrine of Christianity seemed constantly tending. Certainly his introductory poem following the dedication seems to be the plain statement of such a step. It is a powerful poem of loss and overwhelming grief and the entrance forever into a strong City. It is a story as old as the Christian religion, and older, and (though we cannot share in the poet's convictions) we can understand the experience. The earlier stanzas, with their slight reminiscence of the spirit of B. V.'s "The City of Dreadful Night" are impressive:

Hour after hopeless hour I groped around them.
League after league, I followed the girdling wall.
Burning with thirst,
I dragged through the drifted sand-heaps
Round its great coigns, and found them adamant all.

Once, every league, a shadowy buttress
Like a vast Sphinx, outstretched in the moon's pale sheen,
Loomed through the night,
With flanks worn sleek by the sand-storms,
And calm strange face that gazed as at worlds unseen.

The main poem begins with the depiction of a great liner at sea. A child is dying upon it. The advice of an eminent surgeon on another ship is sought through the night by wireless. The ship is finally hove-to in mid-ocean for the delicate operation that may save the child's life, the surgeon being in close touch with the course of events though separated from the actual place by leagues of sea. During the time that elapses the poet, in pondering on life and death and the mystery of existence, and started on his reverie by the conversation of some friends on the ship, ranges in his imagination back through time and considers some of the first pioneer sons of Æsculapius. The best of these "flash-backs," to our mind is the conversation between Doctor Harvey and Lord Bacon in Gray's Inn. Of Pasteur we have already spoken. Noyes has usually been successful in conjuring up some scene of an elder day. But the poem tries to do too many things at once. Soon it becomes almost a jumble. Certain interlude-poems are introduced that do not seem to belong at all to this particular book. One, "Wizards," is merely a well-wrought lyric in itself. One—a rather doggerel conversation between Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson in the old Raleigh Tavern—seems quite dragged in by the heels. Then, returning to the main narrative interest of the poem: the operation is unsuccessful, the child dies, the end of the book is the presentation of a religious compensation for the world's deepest grief and the expression of a faith.

Which is, in a manner of speaking, dialectic. The poem as a whole is of no such stature as the second book of the trilogy, "The Book of Earth," which remains to us the best of the three. But, before we close, we should note that the interpolated poem on page 145, beginning "Every morning," and the like poem on page 149 beginning "Messages,—from the dead?" seemed to us sincerely moving expressions of that deep agony of desire recurring to those who have lost one deeply loved. We quote one section of the last:

Rememberest thou that hour,
Under the naked boughs,
When, desolate and alone,
Returning to thy house,
Thou stoodst amazed to find
Dropt on the lintel-stone
Which thou hadst left so bare,
A radiant dew-drenched flower—
And thou couldst never know
Whose hand had dropt it there,
Fragrant and white as snow,
To save thy soul from hell?
Yet, in thy deepest mind,
Thou didst know, and know well.

"Mr. Frank Chandler, of Chicago, who has celebrated his ninetieth birthday by publishing a 'refined' version of the Bible, to which he has devoted many years, may not be aware that he was anticipated by an English clergyman, the Rev. Edward Harwood, as long ago as the middle of the eighteenth century," says the *Manchester Guardian*. "In his desire to 'refine' the New Testament —or, in his own words, 'to diffuse over the sacred page the elegance of modern English'—Harwood referred to Nicodemus as 'this gentleman,' made the daughter of Jairus recover at the command 'Young lady, arise,' and, in the story of the Transfiguration, made Peter remark with painful politeness, 'Oh, sir, what a delectable residence we might find here.' "

"Gunnar Gunnarsson, author of 'Seven Days' Darkness,' " says *John o' London's Weekly*, in commenting upon him, "is a young Icelandic novelist. As there are only some 200,000 Icelanders in the world it is difficult to make authorship in that language pay, so Mr. Gunnarsson now writes in Danish."

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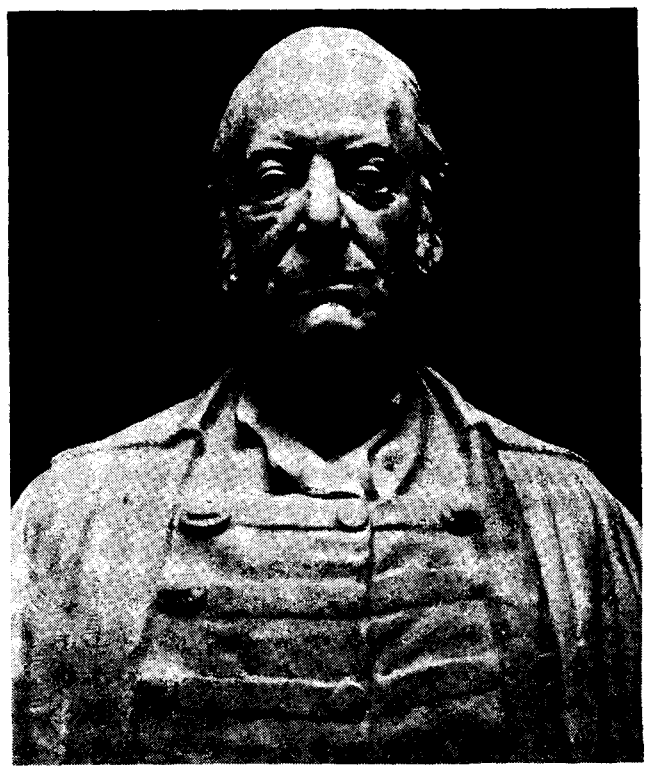

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The Lookout

DOES Masefield's "Sea-Fever" weave a spell that you can't explain? Does Kipling's "The Road to Mandalay" contain elements of fascination that cannot be defined? What magic lies in poetry that seems to induce a trance which baffles scholars? Prof. Edward D. Snyder of Haverford College thinks poetry has certain hypnotic qualities. His book, "Hypnotic Poetry," which delighted Christopher Morley, will be welcomed by the true lover of poetry who is tired of quibbling over lines and phrases. Prof. Snyder distinguishes poetry that weaves a spell and poetry that is an intellectual exercise, and then, denying the right of critics to sit in the seat of the scornful, he gives new suggestions for poetic appreciation. The University of Pennsylvania Press, Philadelphia, offers this book at $2.

BECAUSE the average intelligent man wanted to know the why and wherefore of art, the editor of the London Radio Times asked R. H. Wilenski to provide an answer within modest limits. The author has elaborated his response into "A Miniature History of Art," and Edward Alden Jewell has added a chapter to explain the American scene. Thus this little book of 136 pages proves that definitions need not be wordy, historians need not be loquacious. Here we have a quick survey of the fundamental changes in "the human activity that we call art, which began with the creation of the magic image to secure some vital need, which has been at other times a most powerful instrument of tyranny and at others again a most powerful instrument of religion," and which today has personal, metaphysical and experimental connotations. This able book is published by Oxford University Press, New York City, at $2.

ONE man is a radical politician, denouncing his opponents with bitterness and hate; another is a crusader who wants government identified with God; a third becomes a super-patriot and sees treason on every side. To account for the violence and intemperance of these men, and others like them, in terms of personal maladjustment, is the aim of Harold D. Lasswell, assistant professor of political science at the University of Chicago. His contention, expressed in "Psychopathology and Politics," is new and original in the American scene. "Political movements derive their vitality from the displacement of private effects upon public objects," writes the author. Narcissism, sexual repression, homo-erotic elements, frequently provide the mainspring for the leader who proclaims himself the unselfish servant of the people. Dr. Lasswell's views show how far we have moved since Carlyle. (The University of Chicago Press, Chicago, $3.)

FEW Americans have realized the impetus Emerson gave to Orientalism in the United States one hundred years ago. Frederic Ives Carpenter, in "Emerson and Asia," has traced the many passages in Emerson's writings that owe their origin to his reading among the books of the Hindu Brahmins, the Chinese philosophers, Arabian literature and Persian poets. "Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman—all shared the stimulus which the ancient East gave to the progressive thought of America," writes the author. "They started a movement toward Orientalism, which has expanded rapidly in American literature." But Emerson was always the American—appreciative of the spirit of foreign literatures, never quite the convert. His New England shrewdness kept him firmly rooted to his native earth. "He never trusted himself to become wholly a Brahmin." This book will interest all who appreciate an intelligent discussion of Emerson and the influence of the East in American literature. (Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass., $3.)

IT'S an old saw that the child prodigy is puny, or temperamental, or deficient in the robustness of normal children, but Dr. Lewis M. Terman declares that this is fiction. After devoting six years to the study of gifted children he writes, in his new book, "The Promise of Youth": "It is simply not true that such children are especially prone to be puny, overspecialized in their abilities and interests, emotionally unstable, socially unadaptable, psychotic and morally undependable; nor is it true that they usually deteriorate to the level of mediocrity as adult life is approached." This book is part of an inquiry into talent and its care, which is being presented under the general title of "Genetic Studies of Genius." "The Promise of Youth" is filled with tables and case histories, and is especially important to teachers and students of the child mind and behavior. Stanford University Press, Stanford University, California, issues this book at $6.

THE temptation to read a book from the back forwards will come to many a reader who finds "The Sculpture and Sculptors of the Greeks," by Gisela M. A. Richter, upon a crowded shelf. For rarely has Greek sculpture been presented in such admirable photographic reproductions. These figures, reliefs, pediments and friezes help illustrate a survey of Greek art which is to be commended for its clear understanding of what the Greeks were about. This may be partly due to the author's own technical experience, her ability to tell us just how the Greeks hewed layer after layer from rigid blocks of stone, working from the outside in, instead of the inside out, as does the modern sculptor with his clay. Miss Richter's book, issued originally at $35, is now available at $12; it contains 600 pages, with 750 half-tone illustrations. Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn., is the publisher.

THE LOOKOUT

BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

An Outline of Science

THE ADVENTURE OF SCIENCE. By BENJAMIN GINSBURG. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by H. P. LITTLE

THE attitude of a reviewer towards Ginsburg's book will be tempered somewhat by his understanding of its purpose and by his own educational background.

First, as to the purpose of the book. Whether it is intended to be a complement in the field of science to Durant's "Story of Philosophy" and Wells's "Outline of History" the reviewer is not sure. It seems not, for the style is heavy in places and the book is rather too serious in its approach to make a tremendous popular appeal. If, on the other hand, the work is intended for the really serious reader, it serves its purpose well with certain exceptions to be pointed out later. It is represented by the publisher as "an interpretation of the intellectual epic represented by the adventure of science. Because the crises of that epic have always centered in individuals, it is to some extent a biographical chronicle. What one gains from the book is not merely an impression of isolated careers in time, but a sense of an unbroken evolutionary movement, occurring not in nature but in the minds of men." A rather careful reading leaves the reviewer persuaded that the author successfully accomplishes this result if only the reader will stand by him and finish the book.

As indicated above, the purpose of the volume is accomplished by a series of biographies of mathematicians, physicists, chemists, biologists, and, physicians. The ancients included are Pythagoras, Aristotle, Archimedes, and Ptolemy, after whom there is the usual leap of fourteen hundred years to Copernicus, with due credit to the Arabs for keeping science alive in the interval. The story then proceeds through Galileo, Newton, Lavoisier, Dalton, Faraday, Maxwell, and Helmholz, to Einstein, and to the founders of the quantum theory. The author has "followed through" as reference to Einstein's 1929 paper is included. The mathematics-physics preponderance in the story is interrupted at intervals by the story of Harvey and the circulation of the blood; Lamarck, Darwin and the doctrine of evolution; Pasteur and the germ theory of disease; and Mendel and the science of heredity. These men and the ideas which they developed consume 454 pages of the book, while the author modestly confines his chapter "Conclusion" to the last seven pages. However, all through the biographies sentences are inserted now and then which help the reader towards the conclusions which are to be presented. "How shall we interpret such a spectacle" [of developing science] says Ginsburg?

> To assume the common static and fundamentalist outlook is tantamount to doubting altogether the value of scientific truth. For if we are looking for a fixed and static revelation, how can we help doubting a prophet who daily supersedes his old message with a new one? . . . The succession of theories represents rather a development, an organic process in which one generalization serves to build up a deeper and more embracing generalization. Doubtless no one of these generalizations can be regarded as final, but on the other hand there is an intrinsic truth value to all of them.

This, and other conclusions, do not impress the reviewer as especially novel. Whewell, in his well-known "History of the Inductive Sciences," wrote in his preface in the 'sixties: "the Philosophy of Science at the present day must contain the result and summing up of all the truth which has been disentangled from error and confusion during these past controversies."

As indicated at the beginning, the attitude of the reader towards the book will be influenced by his educational background. This is particularly the case with regard to the chapters on the Theory of Relativity and the Quantum Theory.

As to the accuracy of the material presented, it is correct in the main so far as the knowledge of the reviewer goes. Good judgment is used in the personalities selected and the portion of their work presented. To bring the story up to date it was probably necessary to mention the quantum and relativity theories—a handicap previous historians of science have not had—but it was comparatively hopeless to try to explain them popularly. At least Mr. Ginsburg has not succeeded in doing so. Where the subject matter was adapted to popularization he has been successful, notably in the case of Pasteur. The work is most conscientiously and seriously done, and successfully presents science as an adventure. Few will read it without profit.

Medicine Today

DOCTOR AND PATIENT: Papers on the Relationship of the Physician to Men and Institutions. By FRANCIS WELD PEABODY, M.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. $1.50.

Reviewed by HENRY R. VIETS, M.D.

FRANCIS PEABODY has a unique place in American medicine, for none of the younger men of recent years has made such an impression upon the medical world as the author of these few papers. His death, at the age of forty-six, only served to increase our knowledge of his work by the investigation of his early papers. As pointed out in the introduction to this book by Hans Zinsser, "Of all his valuable contributions to the development of modern medicine, these short papers are the ones which deal most directly with the problems forced upon medicine by its own rapid development and by the increased opportunities and responsibilities which involved it with educational, social, and economic changes. They deal with questions many of which are still unsolved, and their publication will serve to continue the influence of a voice that American medicine could ill afford to lose—one of clearheadedness, unsentimental idealism, and the great wisdom of affectionate optimism."

The first papers deal with the relation of the public to the practitioner, in which he points out the modern conception of the specialist, the laboratory worker, and the general practitioner and how their functions in life vary, a relation which is often not respected by the average layman. Perhaps the most popular contribution in the book would be the brief one on "The Care of the Patient," a lecture which summarizes the best thought of the day on this important subject.

While Peabody was alive he was acknowledged as the standard-bearer of the new medicine. These papers, which have been printed a number of times before, illustrate why that opinion was expressed about him so many times by his contemporaries. The book is attractively issued and should have a very wide sale, for no book published in recent years is more important than this one for its value in showing to the public the position of medicine today.

The Russian Stage, Old and New

THE RUSSIAN THEATRE. By RENÉ FÜLÖP-MILLER and JOSEPH GREGOR. Translated by PAUL ENGLAND. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1930. $25.

Reviewed by JOHN MASON BROWN

Dramatic Editor, *New York Evening Post*

IN the light of the Theatre Guild's recent production of "Roar China" and the encouraging announcements which promise the coming of Meierhold's company as an event of the present season, the English edition of René Fülöp-Miller's and Joseph Gregor's "The Russian Theatre" takes on a special interest. For the monumental volume on the "character and history" of the Russian stage which they have joined hands to write not only gives the fullest picture of the Russian theatre which has yet found its way into English, but is written "with especial reference to the revolutionary period."

It is at once a brief history of Romanov Russia, a serviceable outline of the foreign influences which little by little reshaped the course of the backward theatre of the Slavs, and a helpful exposition of the esthetic aims of Russia's greatest producers. The cycle of change which it records both in text and illustration is the theatre of the Czars, which became first the theatre of the nobles, then of the bourgoisie, and finally the People's Theatre, or, in other words, that vibrantly alive propagandist stage of which Meierhold's company was one of the most vital expressions for a full ten years.

Herr Fülöp-Miller and Herr Gregor have divided their labors between them and their book into three parts. To the prolific Herr Fülöp-Miller has fallen the task of a prefatory "background dealing with the historical and sociological aspects of the Russian stage." It is a concise, often superficial, but none-the-less valuable account that he has contributed, which starts off with the performing bears that were still in favor with the Russian court when England and France were already enjoying an advanced form of drama, and which carries its narrative forward from reign to reign until it reaches the "bio-mechanics," the "living newspapers," the mass-pageants, and the Constructivism of present-day Soviet Russia.

Herr Gregor's more interesting contribution is the "philosophical" second part of the volume, which purposely disregards "all private and social aspects of the theatre" and confines itself "exclusively to an analysis of the methods of artistic representation." What in many ways is of more value than either Herr Fülöp-Miller's rather skimpy outline of history, or Herr Gregor's somewhat blurred discussion of the work and esthetics of such directors as Stanislavsky, Nemirovitch-Danchenko, Diaghilev, Tairoy, Vachtangov, Meierhold, and Eisenstein, are the copious illustrations which comprise the third part of their record and occupy at least three hundred of their four hundred pages.

It is a collection of sketches and photographs which in its own visual way makes an ample, indeed a magnificent, chronicle-history of the Russian stage. Not that it is as well arranged as it should be, because it is not. Or that many of its numerous inclusions are well selected. Because the simple truth is that, full as the record is that "The Russian Theatre" makes, and handsome as is the book which J. B. Lippincott has published, Herr Fülöp-Miller's and Herr Gregor's volume is a messy-minded sample of editing. It is, however, invaluable—in spite of itself.

The Stage in America

UPSTAGE, The American Theatre in Performance. By JOHN MASON BROWN. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by WALTON LOSEY

LIKE most of the good men who at present are furnishing forth daily columns on the current theatre, John Mason Brown is a sort of professional hedonist, a keen-palated theatre-taster. Mr. Brown goes to the theatre and receives of its bounty (good or bad) with such vigorous capacity that the process becomes a creative function. "Upstage" culls the crop of Mr. Brown's happier evenings in the theatre with American playwrights, designers, actors, directors, critics.

The theatre is a phantasmagoria of personalities, — literary, histrionic, personal, personalities, and Mr. Brown's zest for them is what makes his book something other than the perfunctory exercise usual to men who find themselves in the position of more or less having to write a book a year (a cross not borne exclusively by academicians). It is his relish, his romantically over-civilized taste for the fiction, "theatre," which makes his chapter, "Men on the Aisle," and the following chapters dedicated to Alexander Woollcott and George Jean Nathan and Stark Young such delectable fare. It is this luxuriating appreciation of his which embellishes and rounds the essays on Mrs. Fiske and Katherine Cornell and the whole section on designs and designers, and which engenders several splendid, resonant, prose passages, notably the chapter on Stark Young and the deliciously ink-smelling description of Otis Skinner's entrance as Bridau in "The Honor of the Family."

Mr. Brown's writing springs from a direct personal response to the theatre. He writes *from* the theatre, rather than *about* it. When under its immediate stimulus, his writing is full and five-sensed; at other times, it may be empty and routine. His discussion of the American drama's belated emancipation and his restatement of the evils of type casting dwindle into the weary imperfection of all self-inflicted writing.

Mr. Brown's judgments are the personal, present, judgments of informed pleasure. He is a writer and a super-theatregoer!

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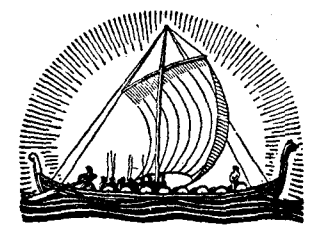

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Some Recent Fiction

An Ironical Novel

THE MAN FROM LIMBO. By S. GUY ENDORE. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. $2.00.

Reviewed by JEROME MELLQUIST

WHAT are the responses of our younger literary artists to American life? For some who are exasperated, like Allen Tate and Yvor Winters, the outlet is irony; others, such as Jeffers and Gerald Sykes, also rejecters of their surroundings, heed a renewing, frightful religious eye within themselves; a third and increasing response is a determined challenging of the environment. Our challengers, Gold and Dos Passos, Dahlberg and Horace Gregory (in "Chelsea Rooming House"), are no shallow optimists, for they have thoroughly explored our cities, our flimsy suburbs, our heedless industrial system; and, as they disclose there the cornered lives of IWW's and money-less Jews and bottom-dogs, they seem to say that for these life seldom shines in America.

But S. Guy Endore, in his first novel "The Man from Limbo," is not a challenger; he is ingenious, and he is ironical. Once, apparently, he hated limpness and injustice; even here, through day-dreaming Harry Kling, the first person of his novel, he sometimes cries out against overpowering circumstances:

> You too, will be bound. That will be your life. Tied to a seedy clerk and squealing kids. And worrying perpetually over the milkman's bill, the gas bill, the ice bill, the rent. Buying the cheaper kinds of canned foods. The slave of a thousand grinding corporations that give us bad housing, smoky, sooty air, adulterated food. Yes, you too, Ella. . . . Out! Out! Out! Give me a breath of fresh air! Give me wind, and ice, and stone.

Not enough of Mr. Endore's novel is similarly unsubmissive in spirit.

Unfulfilled aspirations attract him more. Harry Kling signs instead of acting: "I can dream a thousand lives and a thousand deaths," but, he regrets, "my own actual life I cannot live." Tormented by memories of dead young Redland, he musingly pieces the man's life into a novel of resignation. In his own affairs, Kling wavers to and from Ella, his mistress, is discharged by his employer, wobbles unceasingly. Indecision always defeats his intentions.

Mr. Endore, who has been a fastidious fashioner of short stories in the "American Caravan" and elsewhere, was distinguished among biographers last year by his life of Casanova. As a novelist, his dexterity with a two-ply story is pleasing; his prose, though self-conscious, glides and curves gracefully; a little too often, perhaps, he seems to be personally beside his book, caressing sentences and smoothing technique. His novel has originality and craftsmanship; characters and emotional force are absent. Will Mr. Endore find material to urge him in the future towards further intensity? He might, then, feel "wind, and ice, and stone." He might even swing along with the challengers among the literary artists of his generation.

A Congressman's Progress

THE LION'S DEN. By JANET AYER FAIRBANK. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1930. $2.50.

THE lion's den of Mrs. Fairbank's story is Washington, D. C., and its carnivora are the perils, material and moral, which beset a simple-minded, idealistic young bachelor Congressman, fresh from the corn-belt.

Daniel Carson, Wisconsin Progressive, is the Daniel who goes down to meet the Capitoline fauna, little dreaming of their dangers. One by one, he is introduced to them, and to a lot of things he never suspected back on his dairy farm, all the way from the difference between white and black dress ties to antiques and early Americana. He learns about margins when his own are wiped out in stock market crash of the autumn of '29. He learns some of the difficulties of acting according to his own political conscience when it is so much less trouble to be a good fellow and play the trading and compromising game. And, most exciting of all, he meets and is partly devoured by that lovely man-eater, Corinne Miller.

Mrs. Miller is the youngish wife of an elderly Senator. She is a woman of wealth and taste, with nothing to do, and a long experience in the ins and outs of the tender passion. She had once been engaged to a titled German, who was killed early in the War. She had come out at the old Delmonico's, been presented at court in England, and after much idle adventuring, had fallen into a sort of love for an oratorical Governor, during a war-time banquet at which he spoke, and married him.

He kept her from worrying about the first of the month—which was one of the things she had planned to insist on in a husband—and as a Senator, later, he gave her position and a convenient ambush from which to dally with, and more or less pounce upon, men who stirred her restless emotions more successfully. She was genuinely attractive and rather pathetic in her wistful way. Both her attractiveness and her wistfulness touched the simple Daniel, while he, with his look of the old-fashioned frontier statesman, his fresh sensibilities, his air of having the roots which she herself lacked, was both attractive to and "just meat" for Corinne.

What happened, how the farmer-Congressman forgot the girl he had left behind—and then remembered her again—makes the backbone of Mrs. Fairbank's story. It is a good, solid, intelligent, workmanlike story. Mrs. Fairbank knows her way about in both politics and society; is at home in Washington as well as on the Chicago "Gold Coast," where she was born and resides. If she doesn't surprise the reader with any of those fourth-dimensional qualities which call for something more than intelligence, sympathy, sound workmanship, and good taste, her novel has, at any rate, these merits. What happened to Daniel Carson is what has happened, doubtless, in one sort or another, to many men in a similar case. Those who know their Washington will very likely know their own Daniel Carsons and Corinnes.

Alas! Poor Emily

EMILY. By MACGREGOR JENKINS. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

IT was bound to come. And it was bound to be bad. What with Emily Dickinson's "mystery" being increasingly exploited, with three biographies giving three wholly different and wholly unsatisfactory love stories, with the poet's centenary being celebrated by a mixture of acumen, misunderstanding, and controversy, someone was sure to write a novel "based" on the life of our greatest woman poet. And MacGregor Jenkins, author of "Puttering Around," "Bucolic Beatitudes," etc., has done it. With charity toward all let it be noted that the claim for authenticity is a faintly registered one. The illustrated jacket —showing a long-haired, bebustled heroine on a cliff, looking more like the dramatic Lola Montez than the diminished Emily—states unreservedly that the novel is "based on the life and character" of the poet; but the more cautious inner flap confides that "many of the characters and incidents are wholly imaginary, some of the dates in the family chronology have been changed intentionally," and that the tale is merely "suggested" by her life.

As biography, then, the book is worthless. Mr. Jenkins next challenges our attention as interpreter and as novelist. In the first role he claims to have attempted to present in the form of fiction "what the writer feels to have been the controlling influences in her experience." Given a set of facts which never happened, a set of characters with no other *raison d'être* than supplying the heroine with situations and appropriate lines, and a motivation of his own choosing, Mr. Jenkins is safe in his assertion. The stock figure which he "interprets" may have reacted in the manner presented, but she bears no resemblance to the poet whose name is thrust upon her.

Finally, Mr. Jenkins asks us to consider the book as a work of fiction. The beginning of the story is indicative of the author's approach. Mr. Jenkins shows his Emily in her early twenties and confers upon her—in direct contradiction to homely fact— "an exquisitely beautiful face" as well as a grand operatic *entrée*. Emily is seated in a buggy, her eyes resting alternately on "the flexing haunches of the horse," on the oncoming storm, on Emerson's "Essays." Suddenly leaps the lightning and with it a cry of alarm from the field below. A young girl, Faith Conway, is being dragged into the woods by a young and not unattractive man. Emily, with determined eyes and a carriage-whip, saves Faith from the seducer. But, once away from the scene of the frustrated outrage, Faith shows she did not want to be rescued and returns to her pursuer—with Emily's approval. The story of Faith twines itself about Emily's: Bill (her man) kills a rascal but does the right thing by Faith; there is a baby coming; a year or so later the crusading Emily, in Washington, recognizes a huckster as Bill and learns that wife and child are doing well in Virginia.

Meanwhile Mr. Jenkins's Emily leaves Washington for Phillipston, *née* Philadelphia. From this point on Mr. Jenkins follows the wavering outlines of at least one of the contradictoty biographies—with amplifications of his own. He ignores Miss Taggard's implications concerning the teacher Humphreys and the undergraduate Gould, Miss Pollitt's choice of Major Hunt, and the suggestion made by this reviewer (and unreservedly endorsed by Mabel Loomis Todd in these columns) that there was no physical "romance." Instead, Mr. Jenkins adopts Mme. Bianchi's *sotto voce* rumor regarding the already married Philadelphia clergyman, disguised by Mr. Jenkins as the Reverend Robert Hayward, who reminds her of Bill "except that he is a million times finer." As in the familiar version, poet and preacher fall in love at first sight; and, as if this were not enough, Mr. Jenkins's Emily learns that the divine is not only married (unhappily, of course), but is also beloved by Cora Owen, her best friend. But the memory of the illicit romance to which she was a party, the love that "made the nation's capital a desert and the counsel of the sages empty words, tore from her the last shreds of adherence to all that was artificial in the man-made world. . . . Bill and Faith had made her free!"

Nevertheless, she hesitates. But it is no silent indecision. Mr. Jenkins's Emily is anything but the reticent wraith of legend. His heroine is ready to put her life in the somewhat crowded hands of Hayward, but before doing so she talks the whole thing over with Cora Owen, with her sister-in-law Sue, with her brother Austin, with her father, even with the local judge. The Dickinson family holds a council. The father remonstrates mildly, but no one seems shocked; Austin actually encourages (in Amherst in 1855!) the idea of a lawless love. But, after several chapters of uncertainty, Mr. Jenkins's Emily makes the Great Abnegation. Not because of her concern for herself, not because she would not take her joy at the cost of another woman's misery, but because she feared that she could not give the defrocked minister (oh, yes, he had given up his broadcloth, refusing to wear "the uniform of an officer") the complete happiness she desired for him. He pleads with her for hours, but Emily, like a heroine in a bad novel, stands firm, even though in her denials "the steel reached her heart more often than it entered his."

> So, in the stillness of the night, on toward the break of day, a woman held at bay the man she loved, and fought to save him from himself.

Such a paragraph, the very climax of the book, makes criticism of style, method, and idea unnecessary. There is a short concluding chapter picturing the morning after. "The silence of death hung over the Mansion. All knew the battle had been fought and won." We take leave of Mr. Jenkins's Emily planting bulbs at twilight. "The day is done—but there will be a dawn. As spring will awake in my garden, so the world awakes each day. I wonder, is each morning but a spring?"

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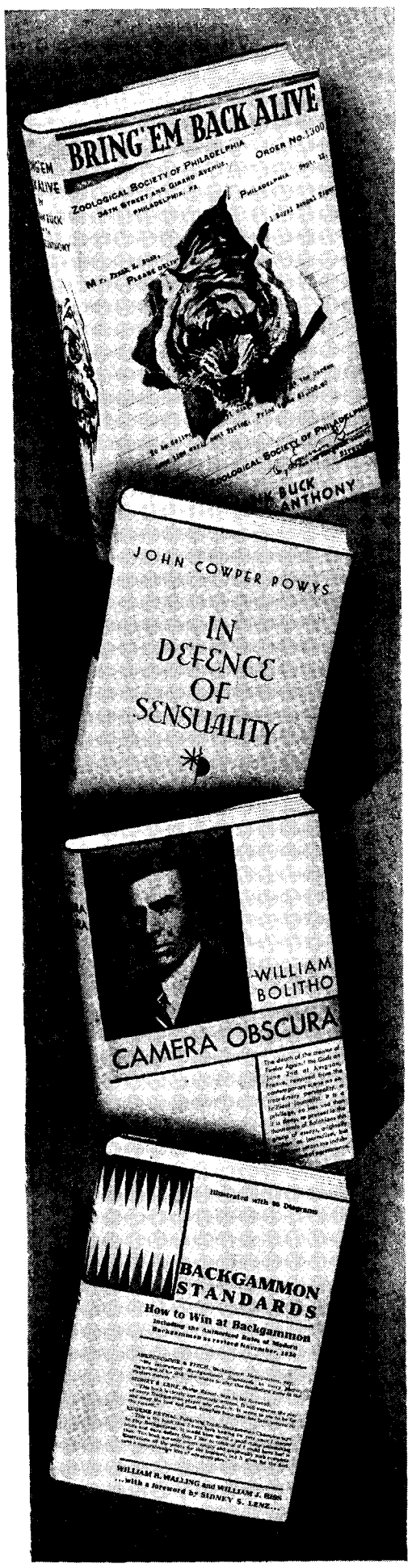

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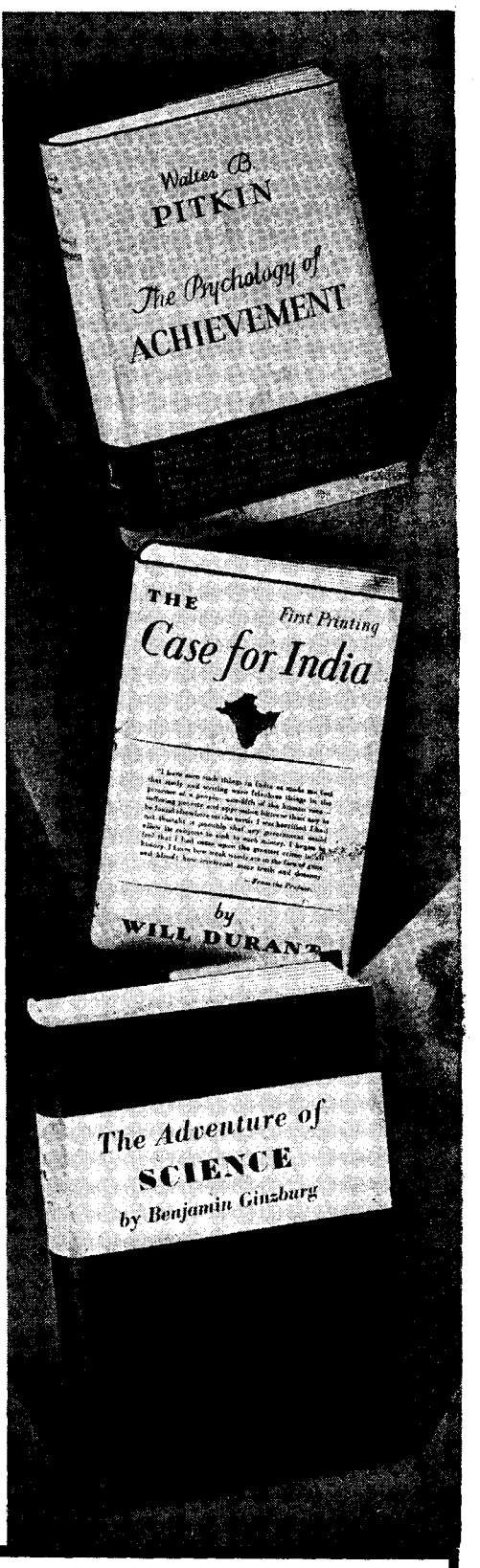

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Unhappiness Psycho-analyzed

CIVILIZATION AND ITS DISCONTENTS. By SIGMUND FREUD. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

THE psychology of happiness is recently enjoying front-page distinction; not because of a prevailing state of bliss, rather because the "winter of our discontent" seems to have settled upon us as a year-round emotional climate. The Freudians have a copyright interest in it because conflict is one of the two foci of their elliptical system, the other being the subconscious with its harboring of repressions,—hence widespread neurotic misery. It seems the irony of fate that one with so joyous a name as Freud should be the founder of so unjoyous a dispensation, and an apostle of despair.

The latest of the master's disquisitions follows upon the "Future of an Illusion" which made of religion a vain compensation for the discontents that pervade the earthly vale of tears. The pleasure principle and the reality come to present an emotional instead of a logical opposition, for reality is painful and therefore resisted and evaded.

Freud, in recent years, is more philosopher than clinician. He is building a "metapsychology" as a view of life, yet ever from the older approach that proclaimed psychoanalysis as a mender of misery. The mood of despondency may be an aftermath of the disruptive war, yet not a personal reaction; for in that convulsive struggle Freud kept his head and his heart, yet added the death instinct to the category of momentous urges.

Life became less a struggle for existence than a quest for relief from unhappiness. "Our possibilities of happiness are thus limited from the start by our very constitution. It is much less difficult to be unhappy. Suffering comes from three quarters: from our own body, which is destined to decay and dissolution, and cannot even dispense with anxiety and pain as danger-signals; from the outer world, which can rage against us with the most powerful and pitiless forces of destruction; and finally, from our relations with other men." The last, presumably more under control, seems the insult added to injury and arraigns civilization as a mighty source of discontent. Search is less for the elixir than for the anodyne of life. Remedies are sought by direct attack upon the organism by the route of intoxication, seeking an "earthly paradise." It would thus appear that primitive peoples are more readily happy, following freely their instinctive nature, yet few people are so primitive as not to have cultivated the drug route for driving dull care away. It's an escape mechanism even more plainly than is a neurosis. The outer world we have relatively conquered, mitigating disease, extending sources of pleasurable excitement with the expansion of empire and enterprise; but it has made us no happier, has indeed added to the repertory of our discontent.

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There is the bliss of ignorance and the bliss of illusion; avoiding both, the civilized man must follow the route of sublimation, the only alchemy by which baser traits may achieve golden satisfactions, such as the pursuit of knowledge and the worship of beauty. That this course is open only to the elect, and even in them, as yet more decisively for the rest of mankind, if the call of instinctive satisfaction—that of sex above all—is denied, frustration of libido brings disaster.

So far the psycho-analytic approach to the conflicts of a repressed and depressed humanity is in a measure familiar; from here on the elaboration of the theme makes a digest difficult. What it reduces to is this: That this complex ego of ours, affected by the primordial reservoir of the "id," develops a super-ego which takes the form of conscience but is reflected from the man-made world of social forces resulting from the necessity of men's living together. This is characteristically the work of Eros, but is defined differently by cultural idols, which extend from oppressive censorship to impossible codes and renunciations, such as "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Death and destruction are primitive and rampant urges, and peace on earth as remote as is goodwill to men. Yet all this, apparently commonplace, as Freud admits, is psycho-analytically derived, is framed in a different perspective, with an altered sense of values and meanings.

Freud protests most against the sense of sin and guilt, which is a social obsession and does much to take the joy out of life. He undertakes no role of prophet, but is ready to admit that civilization offers no hope. Reflective men still seeking happiness are merely propping up "their illusions with arguments." Repeating a familiar jest, popular instruction, so far as the teaching of it goes, has attempted to take the sigh out of psychology. Freud restores the sigh in double measure. "La joie de vivre," "Es lebe das Leben" has a Victorian if not a Bœotian ring. Or, as a German rhyme puts it, anticipating Freud's doctrine of ambivalence, "Zwischen Freud und Leid ist die Brücke nicht weit."

How convincing all this may be, it is not easy to determine; there is so much more to be said and by such diverse voices. An eighteenth century writer said he had the intention of recording the story of human folly in five hundred volumes. The story of human misery would be even more encyclopedic. What remains established is that the newer voices of psycho-analysis must be heard in any appraisal of the sources of content and its frustration.

Inventor, Industrialist

CYRUS HALL McCORMICK: SEED-TIME, 1809-1856. By WILLIAM T. HUTCHINSON. New York: Century. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

FOR a nation whose "business is business," as Mr. Coolidge sapiently remarked of this country, the United States puts up with singularly poor work in business biography. The volumes which have sterling merit, like Mr. Oberholtzer's life of Jay Cooke, or Mr. Copley's life of Frederick W. Taylor, can be counted on the fingers of one hand; the rest of the field is divided between shoddy, over-popular, inaccurate books, and "authorized" biographies which take up someone like E. H. Harriman and amazingly depict him as without fault. Since the Civil War the economic and social history of the nation has been much more important than its political history, yet good political biographies abound and multiply, while the great financiers, trust-makers, railway builders, and manufacturers are handed over to amateurs or well-fee'd retainers of the family. The reasons are doubtless various; corporations and widows are jealous of their papers, business materials have never till lately been systematically collected by any libraries, and the impartial experts in the field can make far more money in other pursuits than by writing books. Publishers and writers apparently labor under the impression that business biographies will be read only by business men, who are always tired and always in a hurry. But whatever the cause, the showing is discreditable.

Mr. Hutchinson's book is emphatically one of the good books. It is so far above the usual level, and so excellent in nearly every respect, that one hesitates to find fault with it in any way. Its chief defect is that it carries the pendulum a little too far in its swing from the cheap and showy biographies. It is not merely thorough but a little too thorough, heaping detail upon the subject until it sometimes disappears as beneath a snowdrift; it is not merely scholarly but a bit too scholastic—many pages have as much footnote as text, or more. The effectiveness of the book would have been heightened by the omission of some of the minutiæ of Cyrus McCormick's abortive effort in the late 'thirties to become an iron-master in the Shenandoah Valley, and some of the sinuous and confusing evidence introduced into his patent suits. It must be said also that a clear picture of McCormick as a man does not emerge from these 500 crowded pages. He was evidently a representative of one type of Scot or Scotch-Irishman, tenacious, shrewd, strong-willed, and coldly upright; there was nothing of Virginia's warmth in his veins, and he found his true sphere when he took his place among the aggressive, calculating business men of Chicago. In his business battle he hit hard, and he hit first. Mr. Hutchinson tells us little of his domestic life or personal tastes, and perhaps does him injustice by simply showing him as a first-class moneymaking machine.

Apart from these shortcomings, the book is a model of what business biography ought to be, and almost never is. It gives us a history of the reaper that seems absolutely conclusive. The long dispute as to whether the first successful machine embodied the ideas of Cyrus McCormick alone, or owed more to those of his ingenious father, Robert McCormick, who had tried to produce a serviceable implement, is decisively settled. The evolution of the main features of Cyrus McCormick's model is carefully traced. The horizontal reciprocating sickle, for example, had occurred to previous experimenters in England and America; but there is good evidence that Cyrus gained his idea of it not from these predecessors, but from his father's vibratory hemp-break. A full chapter is given to Obed Hussey, the picturesque Nantucket mariner, who, turning farmhand and inventor, produced the machine which most dangerously rivalled McCormick's. Until 1843 his reaper held possession of the field, and it was with difficulty that McCormick later displaced him. Many writers have given him excessive credit for his achievement; they have said, for example, that the slotted guard-finger through which his sickle vibrated was his special invention. Yet Mr. Hutchinson shows that McCormick had used just such a guard-finger at least as early as Hussey. The author further demonstrates that in his first machine, that of 1831, McCormick incorporated all seven of the "essential" parts of a modern reaper, while Hussey's machine of 1833 used but four of of them. It was a remarkable rivalry that these two men carried on, extending into courts, banks, and the testing-fields of both Europe and America, and there is something gallant and pathetic in the figure of Hussey, with his seaman's roll and his patch over his blind eye. He labored manfully, but his factory at Baltimore never grew, and it was worth but $500 when the inventor was killed by a train in 1860.

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The development of McCormick's great Chicago plant is interestingly traced in these pages, and many an erroneous impression is dispelled. The birthplace of the McCormick reaper was Walnut Grove, Va., and the first machines were made there. As the demand increased, contracts were let to submanufacturers in Brockport, N. Y., Chicago, and Cincinnati, and during the harvest of 1847 more than 500 machines were placed on the farms of the country. McCormick realized that the preparatory period for his invention had come to an end. In 1848 he took a partner in Chicago, built a plant, and found that luck had been gloriously with him. The little city of 17,000, whose future he imperfectly foresaw, rose within a short time to be the gateway to the West and the greatest grain center of the world. By 1850 McCormick was making 1,600 reapers; by the end of 1856 he had sold 16,000 reapers and mowers. It is often carelessly said that McCormick chose for his first partner in Chicago, William B. Ogden, mayor, railway builder, and capitalist. On the contrary, he was unwillingly forced into a connection with Ogden through troubles with his first partner, Gray, and the union lasted but a year. Whenever possible, he stood sturdily upon his own feet. Mr. Hutchinson leaves him at the time that his reaper works had become the city's greatest single manufactory.

This inventor and industrialist has a place in our political history as well. He had hardly reached Chicago before he was brought into association with Stephen A. Douglas. As a conservative business man and former Virginian he naturally inclined in the 'fifties to the side of the Democratic party. He was a supporter of Douglas's ideas upon the opening up of the trans-Mississippi territories, and opposed the reactionary and divisive views of the Buchanan Democrats. He was in Baltimore when the Northern Democrats nominated Douglas in 1860. To him the election of Lincoln was something to be dreaded, and the war which followed it was a disaster. Yet this son of old Virginia contributed as much to the hemming-in of slavery and the defeat of the Confederacy as almost any man of his time. His machine made possible the rapid opening up of the Northwest to free labor, the development of an export trade in wheat which helped swing the wartime scales of opinion in Great Britain, and the release of many thousands of men from the farms for the Northern armies. In ways invisible as well as visible he was one of the makers of American history. For the first time his career is adequately and interestingly treated; when shall we have similar books about some of his great contemporaries and followers?

Russian Monastic Life

WOMEN AND MONKS. By JOSEPH KALLINIKOV. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company, 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by A. M. NIKOLAIEFF.

THE new, suggestive title of the bulky volume here under review unquestionably conveys a more accurate idea of its contents, than its former title "Relics of a Saint" (Moshchi), under which Mr. Kallinikov's novel, less its final part (the ninth), made its first appearance in Moscow some five years ago. The novel is mainly devoted to monastic life in pre-revolutionary Russia; it abounds in erotic scenes and descriptions of various excesses, which, however, does not make the reading of its 873 pages less tedious.

The plot centres in the life experiences and adventures of two uneducated novices of humble origin, of whom one (Nikolka Predtechin with "greedy eyes") later becomes Abbot but despite that fact, is "enjoying marital delights" with a nun and has love affairs with other women, while the other (Afonka Kalyabin) an ugly giant, endowed with "special gifts" thanks to which he has a "remarkable reputation among the merchants' womenfolk," turns after the Bolshevist revolution into a "wild raging beast," and, as Chief of the Tcheka in his town, "shoots them (his victims) down himself. Muzzle to the temple and—finish!"

The principal personage among the women of the novel is "little Fenya," the niece of a wealthy mill-master. When on a visit to the monastery she is seduced by the novice Nikolka and becomes pregnant, her uncle helps her out, and she becomes a student in the capital; there she lives as a "bachelor girl" "taking from life what she most desired." She is followed everywhere by Afonka who sees in her his "Star of Bethlehem," and in whose objectionable personality moral monstrosity and love capable of making sacrifices combine in a most unnatural way. Finally he is killed by his "Star" at the moment when she pretends to surrender to his passion.

There are two characters in the novel, the revolutionary student, subsequently a Bolshevist officer (Nikodim Petrovsky), and the "black monk" (Father Polycarp), whose views, as it may be easily seen, are identical with those of the author and whose actions meet with his sympathy. The former believes that "Russia's victory" (in time of war) "means our defeat" (*i. e.*, the defeat of the revolution) and acts accordingly, and to build " a new house" helps the Bolshevists to destroy the "old foundation." The latter, rather a symbolic figure than a living man, while giving a peculiar interpretation to the New Testament, proclaims that "our days are the days of the Second Advent," and "they" (the Bolsheviks) "are the Nazarenes of the coming Kingdom."

The monks are represented as ignorant and intriguing hypocrites given to all kinds of vices among which lechery and "fleshly sin" stand out prominently; no efforts have been spared by the author to paint a picture of monastic life, repulsive in the extreme, as well as to vilify the representatives of the bourgeois class (with the exception of the mill-master, Drakin, who has nothing typically Russian about him except his name) and of the anti-revolutionary and "white" movements. Thanks to such a tendency the book, in its Russian edition, may be rendering excellent service to the Communist leaders in Russia in the way of helping their anti-religious and anti-capitalistic propaganda but, for the same reason, the value of the novel as a literary work is greatly impaired.

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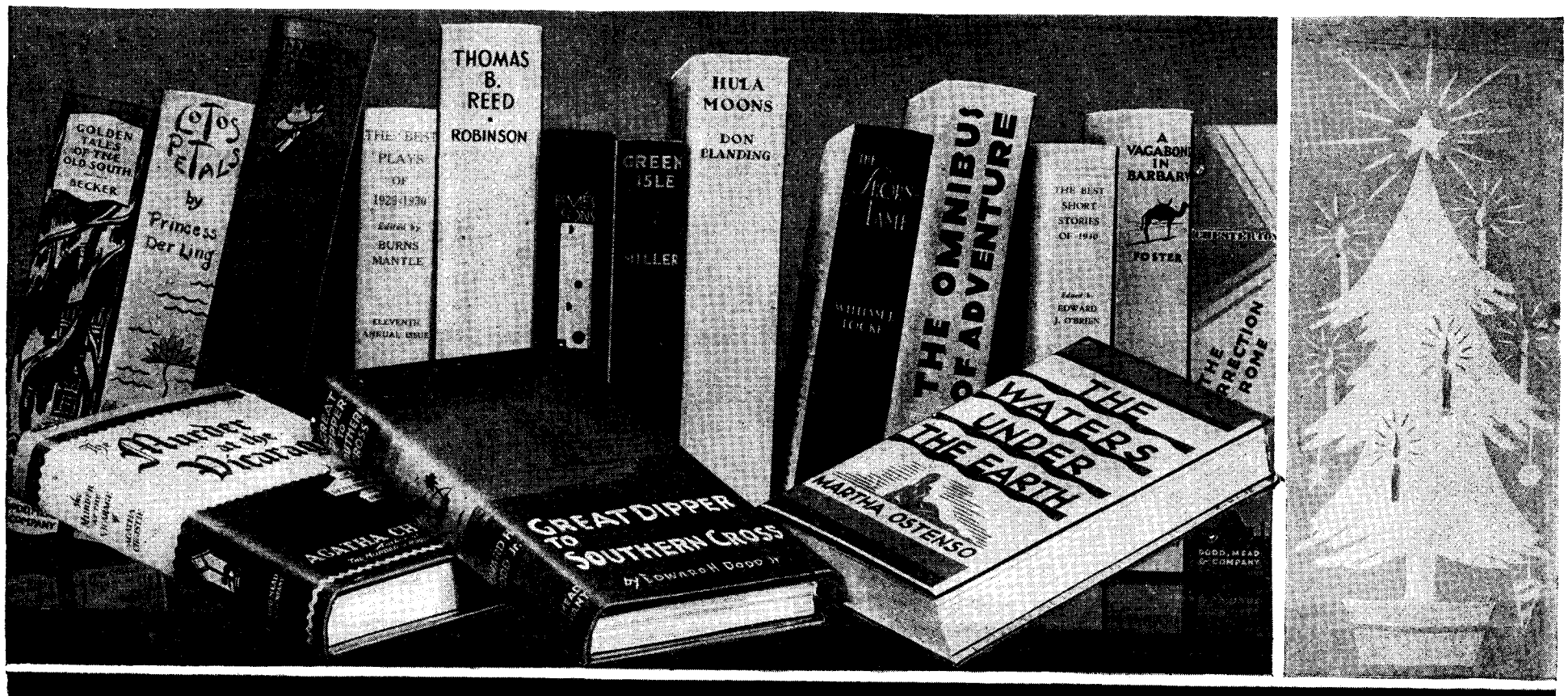

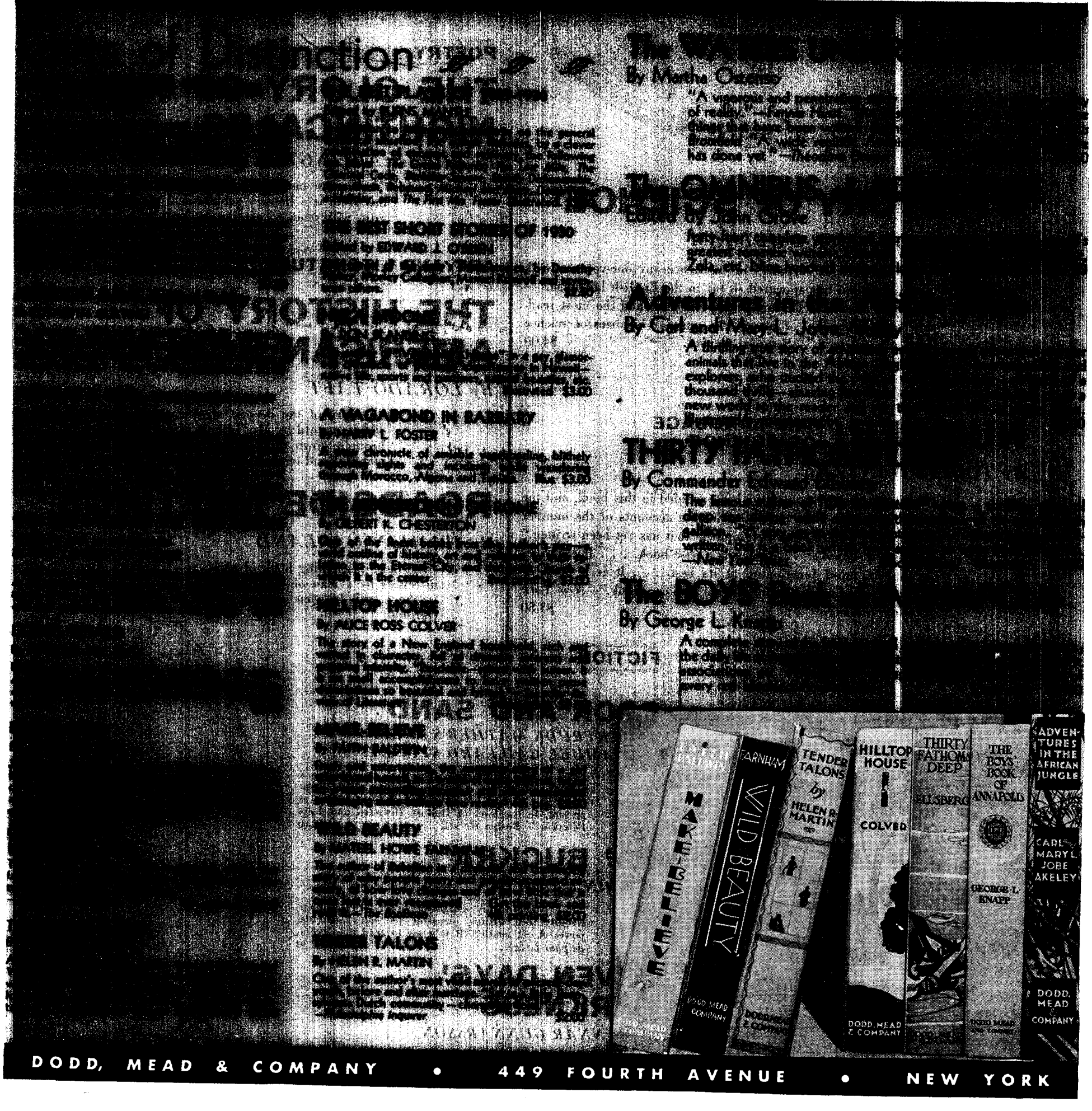

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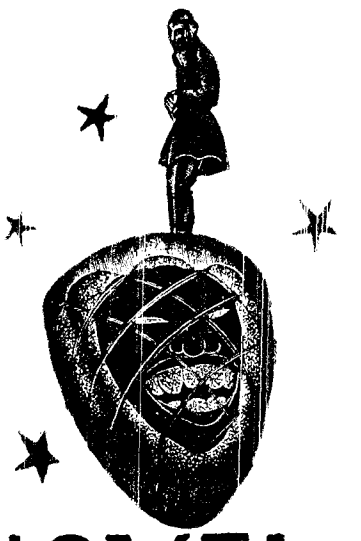

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Say It With Books

By Amy Loveman

At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Then wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth;
But like of each thing that in season grows.

SO say it with books, books, books—your Christmas greetings we mean. Oh, yes, we know that again as last Yuletide we run the risk of offending the florists and lay ourselves open to criticism on the score of breach of business ethics by crying up one gift against another. But then,

Ez to my princerples, I glory
In hevin' nothin' o' the sort.

We're feeling belligerent today, at any rate, as a result of having to draw up Christmas book lists while the Thanksgiving turkey is still in the carcass, and we're ready to take on not only the florists but as well the publishers and the authors. That is to say, we are ready to meet their criticism in advance. Indeed, we herewith absolve our soul for the future by making apologies now to any publishers whose pet volumes we forget to mention, and to all authors whose names slip through our proofreading with mistakes in the spelling, and, for good measure, to any reader who finds no hint in our enumeration of the volumes he will hear his friends talking about in the next fortnight. And we announce that this sally is merely to be the first of two instalments of our survey. So now we've cleared the decks for action.

Decks quite naturally put us in mind of the sea, and the sea suggests to us that you may have a friend who cries with Byron's hero, "And I have loved thee, Ocean!" Or who, though perhaps he "ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar," yet turns in fancy to them. If so, why not send him John Masefield's "The Wanderer of Liverpool" (Macmillan), the first work to come from its author's pen since his elevation to the Poet Laureateship, and, though perhaps not as good as the best that he has done, still a poem to seize upon the imagination and a veritable song of love written to a ship? Or A. J. Villiers's "By Way of Cape Horn" (Holt), a rousing narrative that can hold its own with all but the very best of the sea-born chronicles? Or if your friend is inclined to the dramatic and the exciting, there's Captain Frank H. Shaw's "Full Fathom Five" (Macmillan), an account of famous shipwrecks, which he might like to have. And, of course, for all and sundry, that is, sea lovers and landlubbers, there's the new edition of Melville's "Moby Dick" with illustrations by Rockwell Kent, which Random House is just this moment publishing. "The sea, the sea, the bounding sea!" Ah, me, and for us a desk and a typewriter! But we must never repine so early in our labors. We haste us to the next group of friends you wish to remember.

They, perchance, are serious folk, students of conditions, perplexed by the thronging problems of the industrial life they see about them. Or even, mayhap, "respectable professors of the Dismal Science." No trouble in supplying them when there's choice to be made among such studies as Clinch Calkins's "Some Folk Won't Work" (Harcourt, Brace), an examination into the causes and incidence of unemployment; "The Menace of Overproduction" (Wiley), a symposium edited by Scoville Hamlin; "Intelligent Philanthropy" (Chicago University Press), edited by Ellsworth Faris, Ferris Laune, and Arthur J. Todd, and "King Cotton Is Sick" (University of North Carolina), by Claudius T. Murchison. Then, if you would give a little variety to your selection, you might add novels such as Mary Heaton Vorse's "Strike" (Liveright), a portrayal in fiction form of the recent troubles in Carolina, or J. C. Grant's "Back to Backs" (Cape-Smith), a grim tale of life in a coal mining town in England.

It's somewhat more difficult to pick out titles for the possible engineer friend you may wish to remember. Still, he's probably in the course of his career seen many parts of the world, or, if he hasn't, expects still to do so. Perhaps mining has carried him to Africa and he's developed an interest in what the geologists call "the Rift" there. If so, he might enjoy Bailey Willis's "Living Africa" (Whittlesey), or Frank Buck's "Bring 'Em Back Alive!" (Simon & Schuster), the latter since it contains descriptions and pictures of many of the animals he must have seen in his African wanderings. Perhaps he's been a gold miner and would find interest in the records of those who followed his profession in the days when California was a newly discovered Eldorado. If so, you might give him "One Man's Gold" (Whittlesey), by Enos Christman, edited by Florence W. Christman, or the letters of Franklin A. Buck written between the years 1846 and 1880 and published under the title, "A Yankee Trader in the Gold Rush" (Houghton Mifflin). And as a fillip to the works of fact you might add for your friend the engineer—or for your friend the anything, in fact—Rose Macaulay's "Staying with Relations" (Liveright), which has nothing to do with engineering but plays in one of the countries to which engineers and archæologists are likely to go—Guatemala. It is an entertaining and interesting tale, with nice satirical byplay and an amusing story. So there's the list for the engineer. Well, we've not followed Shakespeare, for according to him

'tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist by his own petar.

"What a case am I in!" not knowing which of numerous groups to turn to next. Ah, we have it.

Did you ever hear of King Wattle?
He was all for love, and a little for the bottle.

He's the man to whom to send "Viniana" (Knopf), by Charles Walter Berry, a sprightly volume, written by a great wine merchant of England, containing the account of three dinners with the conversations that enlivened them, the foods that were eaten, and the wine that was properly savored, or "The Future of Drinking" (Little, Brown), by Gilbert Seldes. And since he's all for the ladies it's pretty safe to send him any novel in which love plays a prominent part, whether it is only one which shows how it can come to disaster after marriage, such as "Green Isle" (Dodd, Mead), by Alice Duer Miller, "A River Goes with Heaven" (Little, Brown), by Howell Vines, "David Golder" (Liveright), by Irene Nemirovsky, "Casanova's Homecoming" (Simon & Schuster), or "A Note in Music" (Holt), by Rosamond Lehmann.

And again there's the zestful person who is ready to exclaim with Whitman

Praised be the fathomless universe
For life and joy and objects and knowledge curious.

Liam O'Flaherty, though he's written some sombre things in his day, is nevertheless much of his mind, and his "Two Years" (Harcourt, Brace), with its animated descriptions of wanderings in search of experience, should nicely meet his taste. On the other hand, for him who might declare

I have need of the sky,
I have business with the grass—

there's Henry Williamson's "Village Book" (Dutton), a volume full of sunshine and wind and birds and small beasts, written with the grace and distinction which is to be expected of the author of "Tarka the Otter" and "The Pathway." Mr. Williamson is at the present esconced in an eerie in a downtown apartment house, with drifting smoke clouds and the rumble of traffic as accompaniments to his writing. We hope Manhattan may prove as good a stimulant to his work as his native England.

But stern necessity deflects us from further rambling into bypaths of comment. We must stick to our appointed task or face the disgruntlement of printers in the morning. And now there's a sorry problem before us. What of that friend of yours of whom it might be said, "He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper; he hath not drunk ink"? Surely it were but an ill kindness to send to him such works that might delight others as Carl Van Doren's excellent life of Swift (Viking), which would rejoice a literary soul, or "The Three Virgins of Haworth" (Dutton), in which Emilie and Georges Romier have portrayed the Brontë sisters, or Kasimir Edschmid's "The Passionate Rebel" (Boni), a study of Byron, or Georg Brandes's scholarly two volume biography of Voltaire (Boni), or Gordon S. Haight's appraisal of the "sweet singer of Hartford," "Mrs. Sigourney" (Yale University Press). Sweets to the sweet, and to the literary studies of the literary. But that other, who "hath not drunk ink," for him, too, there must be something. Ah, we have it! Books that will give him insight into games,—into backgammon and bridge, or perhaps even athletics.

By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd.

"The New Backgammon" (Harcourt, Brace), by Elizabeth C. Boyden, "Backgammon in Twenty Minutes" (Dutton), by Harold Thorne, or the same author's "Contract Bridge in Twenty Minutes" (Dutton), "Whitehead's Contract at a Glance" (Stokes), by Wilbur C. Whitehead, or "Athletics of the Ancient World" (Oxford University Press). Oh! and rare plum for the unliterary and the literary alike, there's a book that should appeal to the lover of sport as well as to the philosopher, one which we think could be slipped into the package intended for your friends of any sort. That's Captain F. Yeats Brown's "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" (Viking), a singularly fresh and vivacious chronicle of an officer of the Indian service who stuck pigs by day and practised yogi by night.

♣ ♣

The night wears on, and as yet we seem to have made but slight impression upon the stack of lists before us. Despair has seized upon us and we would that we could exclaim

Deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

But alas! it cannot be; we must bring books to the surface, not submerge them. So now we'll on to naming some volumes that might interest your friend of scientific proclivities, him, you know, of whom it might be said:

Of science and logic he chatters
As fast and as fast as he can;
Though I am no judge of such matters,
I'm sure he's a talented man.

You might send him Julian Huxley's "Ants" (Cape-Smith) and with it Materlinck's "Life of the Ant" (Day), and Sir James Jeans's "The Mysterious Universe" (Macmillan), a meaty book and one that even the layman can read to his profit, and Harlan True Stetson's "Man and the Stars" (Whittlesey), and M. D. A. Hirsch's "Twins" (Harvard University Press), and Anton Reiser's life of Albert Einstein (Boni). What, all those books at once? Well, we can do no better than quote Gilbert to you.

It's true I've got no shirts to wear,
It's true my butcher's bill is due,
It's true my prospects all look blue,
But don't let that unsettle you.
Never you mind.

Just send them along, all or any of them, despite bad markets and "prospects that look blue."

And now for the historians among your acquaintance, those whose wish translated into verse might read:

There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead.

Well, you can choose first from the chronicles of those "whose games were empires and whose stakes were thrones," books such as Lord Ponsonby's "Side Lights on Queen Victoria" (Sears), and the third series of "The Letters of Queen Victoria" (Longmans, Green), edited by George Earle Buckle, and Karl Friedrich Novak's "Kaiser and Chancellor" (Macmillan), an account of the early years of the reign of William II. Then you can select, if you would range a little afield of royalty, Winston Churchill's "A Roving Commission" (Scribners), a highly interesting account of the early years of his career, or Lord Balfour's "Retrospect" (Houghton Mifflin), a mere fragment of autobiography, to be sure, but one in parts full of significant detail, or, by way of variety, the late Lord Birkenhead's "The World in 2030" (Brewer & Warren), a stimulating forecast of future possibilities. But why must your historically minded friend be confined entirely to sober fact? Why not give him fiction—of course, with a historical slant to catch his attention? There's Ivan Lukash's "The Flames of Moscow" (Macmillan), a tale of the Napoleonic invasion of Russia, to start with, and there are General Krassnoff's "Kostia the Cossack" (Duffield), a romance of the Russia of the seventeenth century, and Michael Ossorgin's "Quiet Street" (Dial), a story of Revolutionary Russia, further to select from. Or perhaps he prefers France? Then give him F. L. Lucas's "Cécile" (Holt), a brilliantly executed novel with eighteenth century France for background. And now suppose his dearest interest is in his own country. Draw on memoirs again for him and make your purchase from among such volumes as "The Adams Family" (Little, Brown), by James Truslow Adams, "The Letters of Henry Adams" (Houghton Mifflin), edited by Worthington C. Ford, Claude Fuess's "Daniel Webster" (Little, Brown), "Haym Salomon and the Revolution" (Cosmopolitan), edited by Charles Edward Russell, and "The Mackenzie Diary" (Harvard University Press), edited by Frederick Mackenzie. And, oh, we forgot a history we meant to recommend,—"The Growth of the American Republic" (Oxford University Press), by S. E. Morison and H. S. Comager. And we came very near forgetting two volumes of particular interest which might very neatly solve the problem of your Southern obligation (ahem! friend, we mean)—"Jefferson Davis: Political Soldier" (Dodd, Mead) and Robert W. Winston's "High Stakes and Hair Trigger" (Holt), also a life of Davis. So there you are.

And while we have your Southern friend in mind we might mention the fact that there's a whole crop of novels which might particularly interest him, Isa Glenn's "A Short History of Julia" (Knopf), "Po' Buckra" (Macmillan), by Gertrude Mathews Shelby and Samuel Gaillard Stoney, both of which depict an aristocratic society and incidentally the negro life of the servants' quarters which has its infiltrations into it, William Fitzgerald's "Gentleman All" (Longmans, Green), Gerald W. Johnston's "By Reason of Strength" (Minton, Balch), Francis Griswold's "The Tides of Malvern" (Morrow), the scene of which is laid on a South Carolina plantation, Howell Vines's "A River Goes with Heaven" (Little, Brown), which plays in the neighborhood of Birmingham, Alabama, and Anne Armstrong's study of the Southern mountaineer in "This Day and This Time" (Knopf).

This is terrible. We rush off lists of titles, with a bare pittance of comment, and still we get nowhere. We have no words for our feelings. If only we could speak out what we think. But—

Bad language or abuse
I never, never use,
Whatever the emergency;
Though "Bother it" I may
Occasionally say,
I never, never use a big, big D.

"Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!" By indirection we came very nearly belying our professions. However we have now turned our back upon evil, and shall advance toward a minister.

An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.

Why not give him Hilaire Belloc's "Wolsey" (Lippincott), bearing in mind, of course, the fact that Belloc's history is always colored by his Catholicism as well as that he is a brilliant writer, or that intensely interesting book, "Mahatma Gandhi's Autobiography" (Macmillan), edited by C. F. Andrews, or Emil Dermengham's "The Life of Mahomet" (Dial), or "Jonathan Edwards, the Fiery Puritan" (Minton, Balch), by Henry B. Parkes, or finally "The Religious Background of American Culture" (Little, Brown), by Thomas C. Hall?

The bottom of the page. We cease, perforce, until next week.

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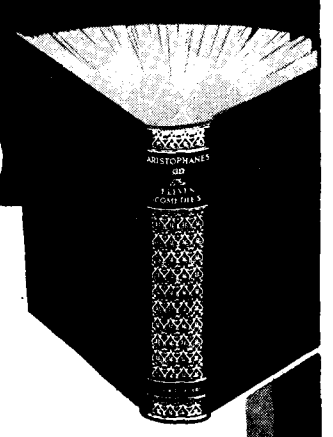

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Points of View

Beyond the Hudson

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I have just finished reading an article in *The Saturday Review* on "The Promise of American Life." It is the kind of article I could have described as just and admirable and sound—if America consisted entirely of the little strip east of the Hudson. Nevertheless, it is an article perfectly illustrating the source of its all too real complaint. One agrees that most of the literature of America today is motivated by disgust and disdain, a cult of disgust which has its root in the formless, and therefore inutile, snobbishness of democracy and is raised to really triumphant proportions by ignorance. Ignorance, I mean, of the America in favor of which the protest of *The Saturday Review* is raised. I give the writer of the article in question due credit for realizing that in his long and singularly excluding list of disciples of the cult, there is no one who has given evidence of special love for the land that produced him, and no one who has penetratingly discerned the promise of American life or plainly declared it. "I do not know," the writer says, "where to look for a book about New York so loving. . . . Nor a book such as Thoreau wrote about Concord. . . ." Precisely.

But what if you looked beyond the Hudson? A few months ago there appeared a book, "American Naturalists," in which was set down a careful account of people who had loved natural America, the land, its aspects, its pattern of seasons and prospects, its beauty and drama and revelation. I seem to remember a number of writers there noted, who had written as lovingly and as faithfully and as skilfully as ever Thoreau wrote. . . . Oh, no, not about New York, not about the country east of the Hudson. . . . And the author of that book has written, under the title "English as Experience," one of the choicest books of literary criticism that has appeared in the Western Continent. But this man is not a New Yorker. He is not even one of those Middlewesterners, who, unable to bear the effect produced upon him by other Middlewesterners, has run to the vomiting place and voided forth his disgust in a novel or a volume of verse. He is one of a much smaller group, who love where they live and wait helpfully on the land's occasions. And by this choice of their souls they put themselves out of the consideration of critics surveying the American scene from New York.

I say consideration, because I know very well that it is not out of the *knowledge* of writers for *The Saturday Review*, that John Muir and I myself—to mention no others—have written lovingly and knowledgeably of their California and New Mexico. The author of "The Promise of American Life" knows with his intelligence—and those who read him know—that the Glaciers of Alaska and the Cactus Country have been treated as tenderly, as informedly, as scientifically, and as interpretatively by the two authors mentioned, as ever was Walden by its Hermit. But the fact has no hold on their consciousness, plays no part in their judgments of the American scene.

It is quite true that there are many disgusting things in America, and this is one of them: that so many of its literary guild are so obsessed with their cult of disgusted disdain, so eager to vomit it forth, so smug in the satisfactions of its offensiveness, so narrowed by the intensity of their self-concentration, that nothing else really penetrates to their consciousness. But Mr. Canby is mistaken in arraigning these people for not discovering the promise of American life. To discover the promise of a land you must know that land in its totality, its rhythms, its structures, its material capabilities, its history, its dealings with the various racial elements that live in it, the patterns it weaves in their minds. And who among the writers he mentions have ever given themselves time for that?

Twenty-five years ago I wrote a book embodying many years of intimate acquaintance with one of America's vast outdoor industries, wrote it with love and humor and knowledge, and with what I hope I need no longer assume the false modesty to deny, literary skill. No American magazine published a word of it, few gave it more than indifferent and wholly uninformed reviews. Theodore Roosevelt read the book and incorporated it into his conservation policy. William Archer said, "Who in England writes English such as this?" Professor Janet of the College of Psychology of France named the chapter on the Flock Mind as illustrating a mooted point in the psychology of religion. H. G. Wells used it as one of the source books of the first volume of his "Outline of History." Many unknown keepers of sheep from Australian plains, from the hills of Scotland, from the Argentine and the Andes wrote the author appreciatively. And one American. He wrote twelve years after publication. He was the man who was at the head of the wool business during the late war. He said as the last act of his official career he wanted me to know that my book on his desk had been the one faithful reminder that there was *one* person in America who knew that there was beauty and science and profundity back of the care and propagation of flocks. That is a book that no New Yorker would know where to look for.

I take examples from my own work because, more than any living author in the same case, it gives me a range of time in which to demonstrate that the lack is not in American letters, but in the obsessive New York point of view of letters. There are many younger authors in the same case whose shorter range in time would make them shy of protesting on their own behalf. They are in the same case, in as much as they love and know the acre which is theirs, and at the same time know that if they wish to break into the literary consciousness of New York they must peddle the same sort of stuff against which Mr. Canby protests. Solomon has very pithily explained how that is.

Before the editor of *The Saturday Review* advises anybody to begin writing lovingly of the American scene, I suggest that he discover in advance what it will cost. Everyone knows how many years Thoreau spent over Walden, but Thoreau wrote in a country which had already been lived in for a couple of hundred years by English speaking people, and he had behind him the literary tradition of Izaak Walton, White of Selborne, Richard Jeffries, and those other writers of English country life whom Mr. Canby so much admires. He wrote of a country so little different from England, that practically all the natural science and the plant and animal lore of England served him. But when John Muir and I undertook to establish a tradition of literary description of our own beloved lands, it was quite another matter. The units of that land were of the size of European empires, the topography was that of a continental axis. The plants, the birds, and the animals had few of them any common names, so that, if the writers wished to speak of what they saw, they had to master the natural sciences of botany, zoölogy, geology, and topography, at least so far as their land was concerned. The land was but imperfectly mapped. The very names which were available for description, such as barrancas, bajadas, cumbres, and sierras, were un-English and had no English equivalents. Every now and then to this day, when I try to write of the land I love, some peevish critic, in West 23rd Street, frets at me because I dare to describe it in words he does not know. And yet, in spite of the fact that the editor of *The Saturday Review* seems not to know what they have done, I insist that John Muir and I have established a literary tradition for dealing with the American scene on the Western scale which will not soon be discarded.

It is true, the article in question was largely occupied with the novel as a literary expression, but I venture to suggest that there have been novels written by Americans who loved what they wrote about. I seem to remember a lady in Wisconsin and one in North Carolina. I am sure that Willa Cather was not lyric with discontent when she wrote "Death Comes for the Archbishop." I venture to suggest also that I have written a novel or two myself in which I can scarcely be accused of hating my native land.

And as for the promise of American life, let me tell you about that. A little more than a quarter of a century ago, an American writer thought she perceived the promise of poetic rhythms emergent through the American scene, which should interpret its native rhythms, its indigenous patterns. After five or six years she succeeded in getting the idea into print. Literary New York yawned and exchanged glances behind her back. After another five years they winked openly and jeered, after five more they protested a trifle superiorly. After fifteen, they admitted the facts adduced, but denied the inference. Since that time, they say Yes, Yes, hastily and change the subject. In the meantime, emerged Robert Frost, with his long, undulant, conversational line, reminiscent of the New England landscape, Edgar Lee Masters from Spoon River. Carl Sandburg with the quick, choppy rhythms of the city. . . . Why go on? There has emerged

(*Continued on page* 444)

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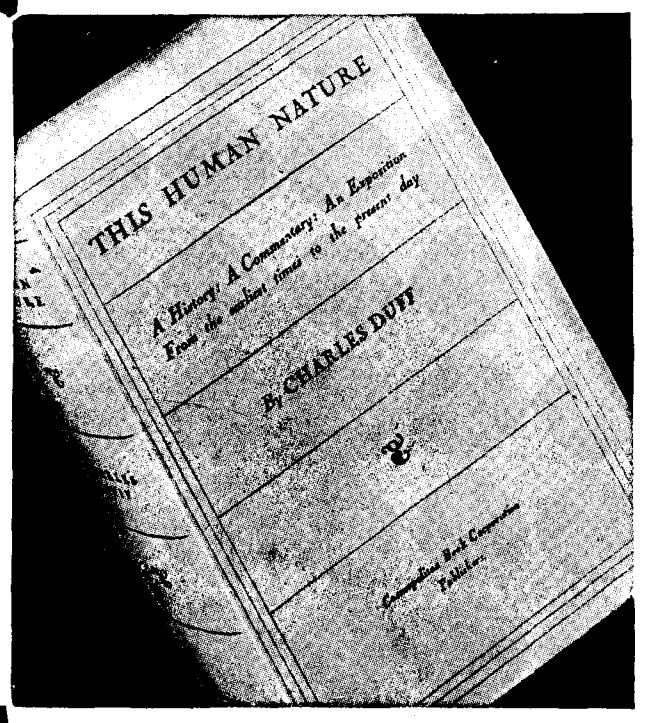
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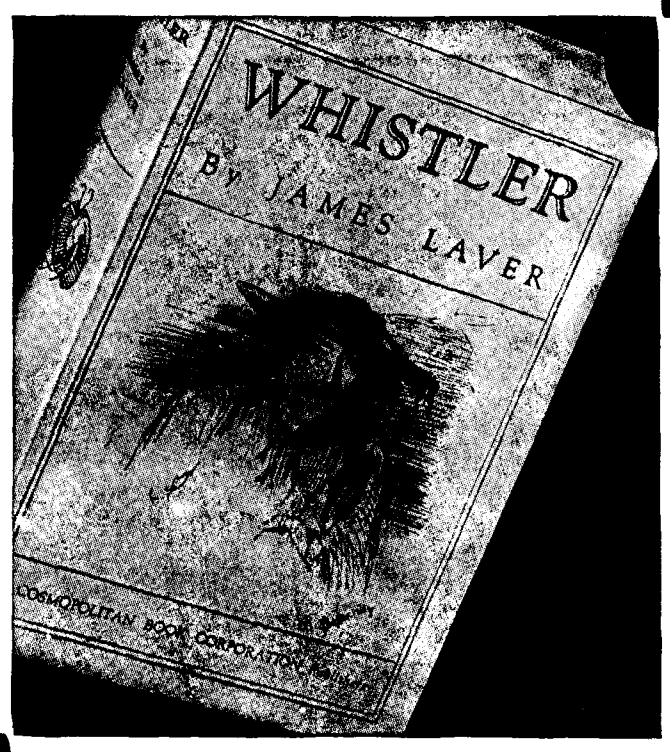

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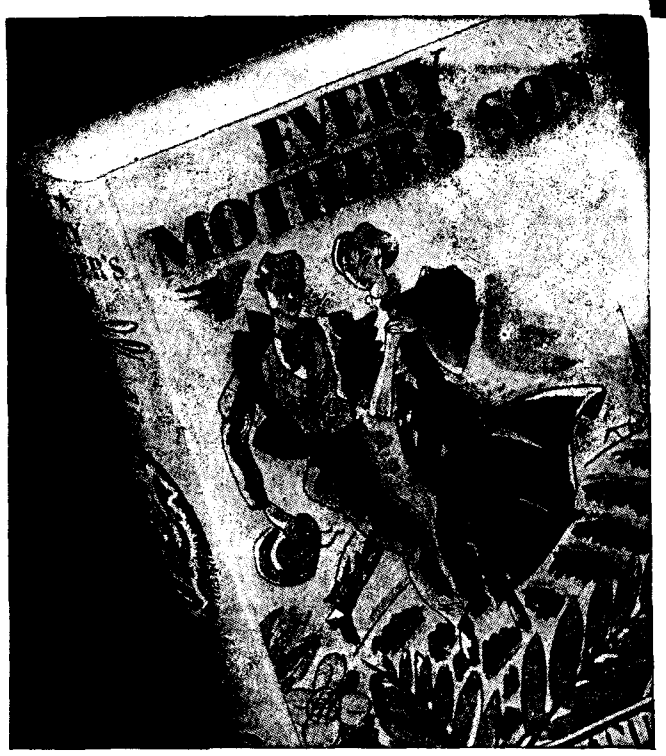

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A Letter from the Southwest

By Carey MacWilliams

THAT Western letters are being widely ballyhooed today is largely due to the determined effort of the Southwest to give a focus to the creative activity latent in the regions west of the Mississippi. No one reading the reviews for the last few years can have failed to be impressed by the passion for Western Americana which has possessed eastern publishing houses. This is not properly an innovation in publishing; it is, in point of fact, imitative. The impetus came originally from the west. Pioneer enterprises, dating back twenty years, had to pave the way for the appearance in a recent issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* of Wild Bill Hicock's memoirs. The current mania of eastern publishing houses for items of Western Americana is merely a clever exploitation of the genuine interest in such material previously invoked by western scholars.

This development in the west has taken place in regional centers. As some of these centers are not well known, they require introduction. Texas really led the way in the development of a regional point of view. Perhaps the rich legendary lore of Texas, the fact that it was once an independent republic, has contributed something to this leadership. In any event, regionalism in Texas dates from the organization of the Texas Folk-Lore Society in 1909 by L. W. Payne, Jr., of the University of Texas, and John A. Lomax. In the publications of this society, edited first by Stith Thompson and later by J. Frank Dobie, together with such journals as the *Frontier Times*, published by Marvin Hunter, at Bandera, Texas, and the *Southwest Review*, regionalism has been intelligently fostered. The development has been astonishing; the *Southwest Review* often carries the titles of a dozen new Texas publications in a single issue. Nor has this activity been restricted to research, as witness such novels as "The Wind," a story of West Texas by Dorothy Scarborough, a past president of the Texas Folk-Lore Society, and "The Edge of the Nest," by Philip Stevenson. J. Frank Dobie's work is well known. There seems to be no end to the rich folk material in Texas.

In New Mexico the experimental centers at Santa Fé and Taos are widely known. The chief magazines of the region are *Mo-rada*, edited by Norman Macleod at Albuquerque, self-styled "an expression of regional literature in articulation with the new universality," and the *Laughing Horse*, edited by Willard Johnson. Macleod edits the American section of *Front*, a revolutionary journal published in Amsterdam. Nearly every month sees the publication of new volumes by the Santa Fé Publishing Company, a recent publication being the "Buckaroo Ballads" of S. Omar Barker. Mary R. Van Stone has collected the "Spanish Folk Songs of New Mexico," and Alice Corbin Henderson's "The Turquoise Trail" (1928) is a pioneer New Mexico anthology. Like most of the regionalists, Mrs. Henderson writes with proud emphasis: "Ordinarily state boundaries are not demarcations of separate and distinct peotic atmospheres; but the life in New Mexico represents an atmosphere and a world entirely different from that of any part of the country. In other words, New Mexico has a separate and distinct poetic personality." Despite this rather breezy statement and despite the far more intelligent analysis by Mary Austin in "Indian Detour," an article in *The Bookman*, of February, 1929, one is quite justified in remaining unimpressed by the "separate and distinct poetic personality of New Mexico." There is surely little justification for such a pretentious claim to be found in Mrs. Henderson's anthology, although the volume does contain fine work, such as the poems by Haniel Long, Maurice Lesemann, and D. H. Lawrence. The fine poetry of Capt. Paul Horgan is, however, beginning to attract the attention that it merits.

These influences are quite apart from the definitely ethnological interest in the Indian and Indian art, which has been responsible for such volumes as Natalie Curtis's "The Indians' Book," "The Path of the Rainbow," edited by George W. Cronym, "American Indian Love Lyrics and Other Verse," edited by Nellie Barnes with introduction by Mrs. Austin, "Dawn Boy: Blackfoot and Navajo Songs," by Eda Lou Walton, and the books on the Indian by Leo Crane, Paul Radin, Mary Coolidge, and Mrs. Austin. A further experiment is being made in New Mexico by the effort to reunite the long-severed strands which bound the region with Old Mexico.

Regional activity in Oklahoma has centered about the State University at Norman. The work of its younger poets appeared in "Oklahoma Poets," *The American Mercury*, May, 1926. But of the first importance is the work of B. A. Botkin, editor of "Folk-Say: A Regional Miscellany," published by the University of Oklahoma. The first issue of this volume appeared in 1929. It is already a difficult task to secure copies of this issue. In an introduction to the first volume, entitled "The New Regionalism," Mr. Botkin outlines the philosophy of regionalism with admirable clarity. As a document, "Folk-Say" is, with the introduction by Mr. Botkin, the most significant western publication in recent years. It would be impossible to outline Mr. Botkin's argument in this letter, but those who are interested in western writing, and particularly in the devolpment of a regional point of view, should read this volume. Despite its many shortcomings, the collection has sound merit, and I freely predict that Mr. Botkin's essay, "The New Regionalism," will be extensively quoted during the next few years.

As this letter is written, I have not seen the second issue of "Folk-Say." But from an examination of a tentative table of contents it appears to be a marked improvement on the first number. It is divided into the following sections: "The Wind Rides By," with poetry by Norman Macleod and others; "Old-Timers," the collection of memoirs of pioneers collected for the most part by Mr. Botkin; "One Foot in the Road," contributions by S. Omar Barker, H. L. Davis ("Threshing Crew Women"); "Many Voices," with the names of Paul Horgan, Frank G. Applegate, and Charles Morrow Wilson appearing in the list; "Wide River," a collection of songs, with several by Langston Hughes; "Folk Backgrounds," with the subtitle "Towards a Rationale of the Folk and Regionalism," containing contributions by Mary Austin, Barrett H. Clark Thomas Hornsby Ferrill, Henry Smith, Alexander Haggerty Krappe, Percy MacKaye, Louise Pound, Carl Sandburg, J. Frank Dobie, Philip Stevenson, Sterling A. Brown, Alain Locke, Guy B. Johnson, Winifred Johnston, Frank Shay, Stanley Vestal, and others. The method used by Mr. Botkin in editing "Folk-Say" accounts for the success of the publication. It is, in the first place, a yearbook and not a magazine; it is carefully documented and edited; contributions are selected with a definite end in mind; the volume as a whole has coherence and direction. It is precisely this type of leadership that has always been lacking in the west. Similar publications in the west have taken their leads from Mr. Botkin, and as far north as Montana one hears echoes of "the new regionalism."

The work of the Oklahoma poet and playwright, Lynn Riggs, is of growing importance. A collection of his verse has just been published by Doubleday, Doran & Company, entitled "The Iron Dish." It contains much excellent verse. But it is as a playwright, using the American scene and vernacular, that Mr. Riggs has become most widely known. A collection of poems, "Santo Domingo Corn Dance," that appeared in *The Nation* (Vol. 122, No. 3171), was impressive. Professor Walter S. Campbell, under the pseudonym of Stanley Vestal, in "Kit Carson," "Fandango," and "Dobe Walls," has also done excellent work.

In Arizona there has been little development. Dr. Maitland Bushby edits a blatant regional publication known as *Tom-Tom*, at Phoenix, and he has published an anthology of "Southwest Verse" with copious biographical notes on the contributors. In the current issue of *Tom-Tom* he announces that "the southwest has attained poetic age. . . . We believe it is a safe assertion to state that no other section of America has produced such an array of true poets in the past decade." This should dull the enthusiasm of the more critical regionalists. At Phoenix, too, lives Cornelia Geer LeBoutillier, whose novel, "The Bright Thread," was published by Doubleday, Doran & Company in the spring of 1929. Estelle Aubrey Brown of Prescott has a novel published by The Atlantic Press, "With Trailing Banners." The pride of Arizona is, however, Sharlot Hall of Prescott, State Historian and author of "Cactus and Pine." On one occasion she appeared in Washington as the representative of the State of Arizona garbed in a gown made of Arizona copper! She came to Arizona when she was thirteen years of age on a cavalry pony and rode into the fort near Prescott. Her horse heard the bugler at the fort and dashed into the midst of the performing cavalry. It was an appropriate reception. She is to Arizona what Joaquin Miller was to California. The magazines of the state consist in the main of such junkerish sheets as *Dunbar's Weekly* and *Arizona Southwest*. While the only book page of any consequence is one conducted by Harvey Mott for the *Republican*. Goldie Weisberg, of Phoenix, has written some excellent short stories and articles for *Plain Talk* and *The American Mercury*; she was in Colorado this summer at work on her first book, a history of Leadville.

Something of the enthusiasm for western work current today is reflected in "The Trans-Mississippi West," a publication of the University of Colorado (1930), containing papers read at a conference held at the university last year. It includes some interesting papers on western literature: "The Conquest of the Pioneer," by Percy H. Boynton; "The Plains Indian in Literature," by Walter S. Campbell, and "The American Picaresque: A By-Product of the Frontier," by Lucy L. Hazard, a very readable and interesting article containing some particularly shrewd observations on the work of Bret Harte. The pedagogues have taken up the west with surprising alacrity and an active campaign is under way to carry the regional viewpoint into the secondary schools. "In Search of America," by Lucy L. Hazard; "The Southwest in Literature," edited by Mable Major and Rebecca W. Smith; "The American Scene," edited by Barrett H. Clark, are typical regional texts. Moreover, regionalism is fortified by the new school of criticism in search of native standards (Jay Hubbell, Norman Foerster, Ralph Leslie Rusk, *et al*).

But aside from such scholarly dissertations one finds the spirit reflected in a variety of current publications, such as "Wagons West," "The Santa Fé Trail," "The Oregon Trail," "The Last Frontier," etc., not to mention the innumerable biographies of bizarre western character and the collection of songs, such as George Milburn's "The Hobo's Hornbook." With any enthusiasm doubtful excrescences come to the surface.

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By Elizabeth Woodbridge

WRITING stories for children must be rather ticklish business. You have the children to please, and children are notoriously merciless and uncompromising—they like what they like, and that's that. But you also have to keep looking over your shoulder at their parents, or their teachers, or their aunts (in this matter, uncles—bless them—don't seem to count), who are sitting on the side lines, watching.

Pleasing the children mightn't be so bad. For them, as for those of us who have had the bad luck to grow up, there are the pleasures of recognition and the pleasures of surprise, there is the joy of the familiar and the joy of new things. When you have had a good deal of one, you begin to want the other. I will venture a guess that the younger they are the more familiarity appeals to them, while surprise, novelty, adventure, has an increasing lure as they grow older. And so the very little folk lap up, day after day, the humdrum details and repetitions that bore us to death: the refrains, the recurrent patterns, the lists of common things. My younger children loved to be told every article Red Riding Hood had in her basket, and every detail of how she made tea for her grandmother, while the older children wanted to get on to the wolf. (Was it the childhood of Greece that liked the catalogue of the ships?) And if a story doesn't furnish its own refrains and repetitions, or even if it does, the babies will get them by demanding the same story over and over. But by the time they are adolescent, nothing suits them that is not highly flavored with novelty. For all of which there are, I fancy, very good, not to say obvious, reasons.

Of course, what is humdrum matter to one age or group may be wildly novel to another, and what is exciting adventure to one may be dully familiar to another. I know of one young girl from the slums of New York given a chance at the Bryn Mawr summer session, who sat up till midnight reading English and Greek classics. Someone asked her to see a thrilling movie which dealt with crime in the Bowery. "Why should I want to see that? I've been in it all my life. I'm fed up with it." What she found exciting was Shelley and Euripides.

But when it comes to pleasing the adults with children's reading, difficulties thicken. For though children can still be counted on to "know what they like," adults cannot be counted on to know, or even to think they know, what children ought to like. We adults are not so cocksure about anything as we used to be, not even about children. Each of us has been a child once, of course, and sometimes we have naïvely supposed that all we needed was to remember. But we know now that this isn't enough. Probably it never was enough. I remember being told with bluff finality by an aunt of mine, "I know you like a book." I was at the time privately convinced that she was mistaken, and I am still of that opinion. But it would be a bold aunt indeed who would say that now, either to or about any child.

For psychologists are now studying the child mind as one might an unknown country. They are holding "clinical conversations" with children, and filing "verbatim protocols" of these conversations. And though writers of "juveniles" do not perhaps read these records, the knowledge that they exist must now and then make them uneasy. It certainly makes parents uneasy and aunts less sure. To be concrete, they don't know whether to read "Black Sambo" and "Jack the Giant Killer" to them or not. They want to do right by the young, but

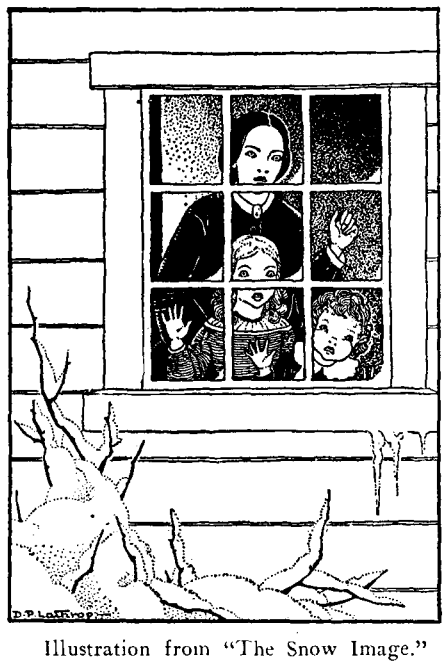

Illustration from "The Snow Image."

Conducted by Marion Ponsonby

they don't know what right is. Relativity, and what one might call pseudo-relativity, is making a mess of our standards, both in morals and taste, which we haven't yet straightened out. It is not merely a matter of terminology. When people in the 'sixties said a book was "elevating" or "instructive" or "spiritual," they knew what they meant; but when we say a book is "wholesome" or "stimulating," "creative" or "social," we are not very sure what we mean. We are not very sure about anything. Which is why there are mothers (I am one) who read "Little Black Sambo" to children, and others, with serious organizations to back them, who don't. "Black Sambo" seems to be a touchstone, like the word for "yes" in medieval France.

The other day I picked up an old copy of Oliver Optic's "Make or Break," published in 1868, and read the preface.

> Twenty thousand youthful faces seem to surround him (the author) crying out for something that will excite their minds and thrill their very souls, while a calmer, holier voice, speaking in tones of divine command, breathes gently forth, "Feed my lambs."

The audience of adults for whom this preface was written was, apparently, not divided. There must have been a general agreement as to what would and what would not feed lambs. We still want to feed them, but we are confused about the menu.

The break-up of the older régime is suggested in a short story by "Saki" called "The Story Teller." Here we have a group

Illustration from "The Little Monkey with the Sad Face" (Day).

of restless children on a train, and a responsible but uninspired aunt telling them a story about a good little girl who was saved from drowning. "But wouldn't they have saved her if she'd been bad?" the children inevitably ask. Then the irresponsible traveller butts in with a contrasting story, about another good little girl—"horribly good"—whose excessive goodness led to her being devoured by a wolf. The children adored the story, but the aunt said, "You have undermined the effect of years of careful teaching."

Of course, both stories were bunk. The aunt's was the bunk of sappy conformity, and the stranger's was the bunk of cynical revolt. But the revolt is leading us on into something sounder. Our confusion has come from our determination to face all the realities there are, as fast as we can find out what they are. We are beginning to see, in a way that is at least fresh to us and with a new content, that life is one, that it is not built in compartments: one compartment for children, one for adolescents, and one for adults; one for Chinamen and one for Nordics; one for science and one for religion. It follows that morals for any particular class are *ipso facto* condemned, and that no one should ever tell a story because he thinks it will be "good for" somebody else. That way lies bunk.

Children belong in the grown-up world. They have a right to it, all they can take of it, and they can take a great deal. They need it. Fit up a playhouse for a child, with everything scaled down, as though it had all eaten one side of Alice's mushroom, and you'll find him after a while sneaking back into the grown-up quarters, to be engulfed in a big chair or a big bed. So with thinking and with books. Scale them down (if you know how) to a child's size, and he will come prowling among the grown-up shelves.

For every proper child has a grown-up inside him, just as any proper grown-up has a child inside him. They ought to be able to get together, and they often do. But when this happens it is because the grown-up inside the child is responding to the real grown-up; or the child inside the grown-up has awakened and is talking to the real child. Only on these terms ought books for children to be written or read.

Reviews

AWISHA'S CARPET. By Dahris Butterworth Martin. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by Marion C. Dodd

TO read this delightful and unusual little book is, for this reviewer, to walk again through the sun-baked streets and clamorous market-place of Kairouan, the little Holy City that lies a day's journey south from Tunis,—a day's journey how well worth taking no tourist who stays only at Tunis can ever tell you. These evocative pages help one to forget the dirt, the flies, the squalor—as forget one must, inexorably, everywhere in these lands, if the persisting charm and individuality of them is to come through. Miss Martin did forget so successfully, living there as one of them, among these friendly Arabs, that their lives were no longer mysterious and remote to her, as to the ordinary traveller they always remain. She has put many episodes of these lives, slight but significant, full of color and naturalness, into this succession of sketches of Awisha, the little girl of Kairouan, to whom growing up meant the fulfilment of her ambition to make her first rug upon her own loom.

It was just after I had been talking to Miss Martin in one of the souks or bazaars of Kairouan that the salesman, eager to clinch a bargain, offered to show me a Kairouan carpet in the making. Through a narrow door in a little white lane nearby I was admitted into the courtyard of an Arab home while he waited outside. Squatting at a low loom sat—not Awisha, I suppose, but her counterpart, glancing up at me with those luminous, soft brown eyes which outside in the streets one sees only through slit veils, and not often even so. You may see her at her loom on the jacket and in the frontispiece of this book, and if you will read these stories, simply but vividly told, and enjoy the varied and lively illustrations, you will feel all the charm to be found in this life so far removed from our own, and you will learn more of its home ways and cherished family customs than any guidebook or tourist can ever describe to you. This is a delightful book to put into the hands of an American child who knows few scenes resembling in the least anything he will read of here. The publisher, however, seems to make much too modest a claim in suggesting that it will interest those "from eight to eleven."

THE SNOW IMAGE. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1930. $1.

Reviewed by Amy Loveman

MISS DOROTHY LATHROP, who has furnished the illustrations for this Little Library edition of Hawthorne's charming parable, is the ideal person to interpret it. She has caught the grace and tenderness of the story—its commingling of fancy and reality—and as a result her pictures have that touching quality which makes of "The Snow Image" a tale which loved in youth for its story nestles in the heart until maturity gives it meaning and poignance. The one color illustration has delicacy of both feeling and execution, and the black and white drawings have equally successfully seized upon the fragile loveliness of the narrative.

Hawthorne, of course, in this as in so many of his other tales, let his imagination play in the borderland between fact and fancy, and used the commonplace incident of life as basis for a moralistic thesis. So far as the child is concerned—certainly so far as the child of from eight to ten, to whom the book is assigned on its cover, is concerned—the allegorical portrayal of the havoc that may be wrought by blundering good sense and kindness will have no meaning. Yet there is so much that is whimsical and dainty in the story, so much that is enticing in its depiction of the creation of the snow image, that even the very young can enjoy it. It is their elders, however, who must recognize its artistry, and who will best appreciate the felicity with which Miss Lathrop conveys its spirit.

MADE IN MEXICO. By Susan Smith. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by F. E. Hodge

Museum of the American Indian.

Classed among the children's books this is charming and informative reading for grown-ups as well as young people. Miss Smith says that in Mexico art isn't something that is kept in museums and spoken of only by critics; it is a part of everyday life, and Mexicans make beautiful things as a matter of course. "They don't know how to make anything ugly." All of which is quite true, for one does not need to go farther than the suburbs of the City of Mexico, where Indian settlements abound, to note at once the esthetic appreciation of almost everything the native touches—except, of course, where homely exotic things have modified, if indeed they have not replaced, those that have been made in the same spots and by the same people for centuries. And no wonder, for they are the descendants of those whom Cortés conquered and looted of the marvelous jewels and sculptures and feather mosaics which called forth the highest admiration of the Spanish invaders.

Even today the Mexican Indian is fond of his native flowers—poinsettias, dahlias, cosmos, and hundreds of others which often fill the little gardens of the poorest; and if one would buy, he may have an armful for the equivalent of an American quarter. Flowers, too, have had a sacred significance from the earliest times. Mexico is a land of wonders and of beauty everywhere. Perhaps nowhere is the material culture of the "common" people better shown than in their kitchens, for, as Miss Smith says, they are really little museums of popular arts, "arranged, as everything Mexican always is arranged, with precision and beauty and the most perfect order."

Americans could well learn one aspect of beauty especially from the Mexicans—the beauty of cleanliness. Even about the market places one finds no litter, for instead of casting fruit-skins and other waste in the parks or on the streets, the people keep them until a receptacle intended to receive them is reached. Mexicans love beauty, and we see it reflected everywhere in their handicraft, in their cleanliness, their music, folktales, polite manners, and family life. Almost everything they fashion is the work of an artist—"all are beautiful and intimate because they have been made by hand and have in them both imagination and tradition," as Miss Smith says.

Besides the kitchens and the markets, the author treats the toys and masks, the beautiful Talavera pottery of Pueblo de los Angeles and its history, the arts of the different provinces, the serapes of Oaxaca; and she gives an animal legend from Tehuantepec. But one must devote an hour or so to reading the book to appreciate its full worth. It will be time well spent, for it will give many a new impression of what Mexico holds in store for the prospective visitor.

The charming little volume is filled with instructive drawings by Julio Castellanos, and the last twenty-two pages contain photographic reproductions of paintings by Diego Rivera, Máximo Pacheco, José Clemente Orozco, and Indian artists from the open-air school of painting, other drawings by Julio Castellanos, and well-captioned illustrations of various native artifacts.

The *Saturday Review* will next week publish a selected list of children's books suitable for Christmas giving. It will not pretend to be inclusive, or comprehensive, but merely to enumerate certain of the many volumes which have recently appeared. Most of them have already been reviewed in our columns.

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF INDUSTRY. By Ellen Friel Baker. Illustrated by Carle Michel Boog. Crowell. 1930. $2.50 net.

In modern education, in the new progressive schools, children learn about our basic industries in two ways. They go on trips to visit factories and plants, where they see the actual process of production and ask questions about materials and wages of the experts in charge. Then they come back to the school and do research work for themselves, looking up in source books points that have interested them.

This book by Mrs. Baker is not a source book in any sense, and has no place that we can see in a library used by children educated under a modern system. It is a narrative—descriptive, not analytical—of trips to a newspaper office, an ice-plant, and so on—Charlie, a very good dull boy (like Rollo of the 1890s) introduces the story of each trip with banal questions to Uncle George, who tells him what he thinks a nice boy ought to know.

(*Continued on page* 438)

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Lone Cowboy
My Life Story
by Will James
author of "Smoky," etc.

"A superbly interesting story of the cattle country, the fur country, the desert, and the high plains, and of a boy who grew up in the lonely places." —*Atlantic Monthly.*

With 60 illustrations by the author
$2.75

John Marsh, Pioneer
Trail-Blazer on Six Frontiers
by George D. Lyman

"The most vivid of wild-west fiction seems anæmic beside this swift-moving, carefully authenticated record of an empire builder, whom Mr. Lyman has rescued from obscurity." —*Chicago Daily News.*

Illustrated. $3.50

Jeb Stuart
by Capt. John W. Thomason
author of "Fix Bayonets!" etc.

"A splendid book. . . . A burning story of war in which we see the whole panorama of the passion-stirred past. . . . It is one of the best of American military biographies." —*New York Sun.*

With many drawings and maps by the author
$5.00

In Our Time
by Ernest Hemingway
author of "A Farewell to Arms," etc.

"The Battler," "My Old Man," "Big Two-Hearted River," and the other stories that first introduced a new genius to American readers.

"If you've missed it, you missed some of the finest writing he's done." —*The New Yorker.*
$2.50

For Younger Readers

The Story of Roland
(Scribner $2.50 Series of Illustrated Classics for Younger Readers)
by James Baldwin

A famous classic of chivalry now illustrated with numerous stirring paintings in full color by Peter Hurd. $2.50

Jinglebob
by P. A. Rollins

N. C. Wyeth has done the jacket, lining-papers, and numerous illustrations for this story of two tenderfoots' experiences in the Old West. $2.50

at your bookstore

The Best Books are the Best Gifts

"I have been reading Sullivan's 'Our Times,' and I felt that on every page there was a novel for a Flaubert."—André Maurois.

PRE-WAR AMERICA

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by Mark Sullivan

"It is a complete delight to those who remember the days that the author chronicles and to their children it is a gleeful picture of the truth about what mother and father should have remembered."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"For this is history; living, vibrant history, narrated with the skill of the trained reporter—a type of real literature all its own."—*Boston Transcript.*

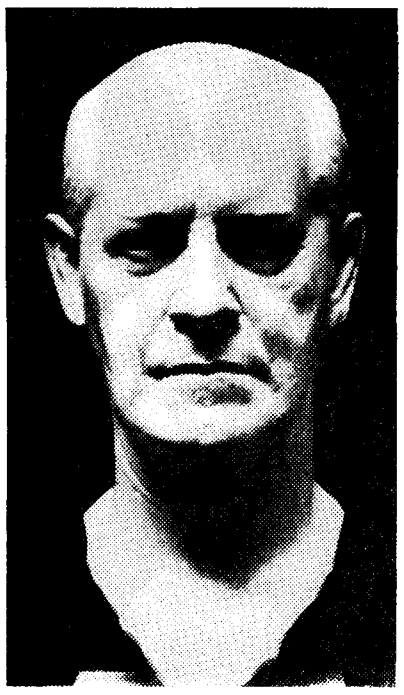
563 *pages.* 200 *illustrations.* $5.00

Uniform with "Our Times: The Turn of the Century" and "Our Times: America Finding Herself." The three volumes in an attractive gift box. $15.00

"Rich with the best of Mr. Galsworthy's genius."—Times (London).

On Forsyte 'Change

by John Galsworthy



"A collection of some of the very best stories in recent years, varied of mood and perfect in execution. . . . The two war pieces, 'A Forsyte Encounters the People' and 'Soames and the Flag,' the latter the most truly masterly of them all, are of Galsworthy's best." —*Percy Hutchison in the New York Times.*

Nineteen stories. 286 *pages.* $2.50

The Forsyte Saga $2.50

A Modern Comedy $2.50

Caravan
The Assembled Tales of John Galsworthy $2.50

Plays
by John Galsworthy $2.50

"A bewitching book from the first word to the last."—New York Sun.

A Roving Commission

My Early Life

Winston S. Churchill

author of "The World Crisis," etc.

"The amazing thing about this book is the swing and harmony of it. You hear the boy speaking to you in its early chapters, then . . . a young man stands up intent and daring . . . to give way later to the grown man speaking and being listened to in the councils of his country. . . . There are whole passages that ought to be read aloud: the skirmish in the Mamund Valley, the cavalry charge, and best of all the young subaltern at the bedside of his dying nurse. . . . This is Churchill's best book."—*New York Sun.*

Illustrated. $3.50

Winston Churchill in the uniform of the South African Light Horse

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

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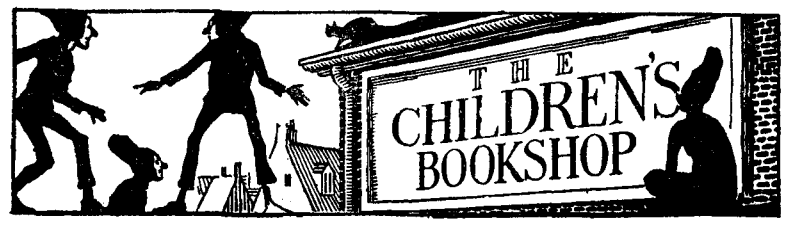
Wild Cranberry

By RACHEL FIELD

Were these the fairy apples Snow-White knew,
Scarlet sided and white?
And shall these lips of mine taste magic too,
And spells, at the first sharp bite?
I never stooped to pick them where they grew,
Incredible and bright,
But the old tale has taken me anew
And I have half believed it might be true.



Reviews

TOLD UNDER THE GREEN UMBRELLA. Compiled by a committee for the International Kindergarten Union. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by ALICE DALGHEISH

THIS is a collection of folk tales which in the estimation of the committee which compiled it, have proved to be favorites with children. As the chairman of the committee explains, not all the outstanding favorites are included, permissions to use some stories being impossible to obtain. The compilation includes such stories as "The Three Little Pigs," "The Three Billy Goats Gruff," "The Elves and the Shoemaker," "The Fisherman and his Wife," "Cinderella," "The Sleeping Beauty."

The book has certain decided advantages. The folk-tales have been brought together and placed in a single volume so that they are easily accessible to the story-teller. They are given in excellent form. Many story-tellers do not take the time to consult original sources and use sloppy, second-or-third hand versions of these classics tales. A training school class, for instance, if left to its own devices can produce extraordinary versions of "Cinderella" which seem to owe little either to Perrault or Grimm. "The Sleeping Beauty" is another story of which strange patchwork can be made, and here we have it told simply and effectively by Gudrum Thorne Thomsen.

There are also certain limitations. We wonder why the story of "Scrapefoot" is given in place of the much-loved story of "Goldilocks and the Three Bears," for there is probably no greater favorite than Goldilocks among all the characters of nursery fiction. We are also puzzled by the inclusion of the Christmas story from St. Luke in a book of fairy tales and nursery "drolls." Then, while the book is pleasantly illustrated, the pictures seem to be somewhat lacking in imagination. To make an art of telling these familiar stories one needs to find the pictures which seem to interpret each story. Leslie Brooke's "Three Pigs," Frederic Richardson's "Old Woman and the Pig," Arthur Rackham's silhouettes for "Cinderella," and so forth. Such a choice, however, is not always possible, the books may not be available and the story-teller may not have standards for selecting her material. Because these situations exist, "Told Under the Green Umbrella" fills a place in school and home libraries. It is a decided contribution and should do something towards raising the standards of story-telling.

Told Under the Green Umbrella.

THE DARK STAR OF ITZA: The Story of a Pagan Princess. By ALIDA SIMS MALKUS. Illustrated by LOWELL HOUSER. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

THE title of this book holds the kernel of the entire story. "Itza" places the scene in perhaps the most romantic of the cities belonging to the great League of Maya; "The Dark Star" suggests the only guessed-at doom that came upon its palaces and left them overgrown and ruinous before the first Spaniards walked its empty streets, and the "Pagan Princess" hints at the historical-novel-in-the-grand-manner treatment with which the story is told. Mrs. Malkus has chosen her theme from the Chilam Balam, the books of the priests: "Chac Zib Chac robbed Hunac Ceel of his bride at the moment of the wedding festivities." As Troy fell for the dangerous sake of Helen, Chichen Itza is supposed to have fallen because of the beauty of Kantol, the Golden Trumpet Vine.

The background is strange and decorative; the names have a harsh beauty; the tale of warriors and princesses, of priests reading the stars and calculating horoscopes, of sacrificial offerings, and lovers who escape from disasters is familiar and timeless and yet new in its new dress. The scene has a heavy splendor, something of the savage and un-European beauty that marks the bison, the corn, the tobacco-plant, the turkey, and the rattle-snake. The plot will hold young people; the background should fascinate them; and the illustrations must delight anyone who has a sense of the decorative use of black and white. Mr. Houser was for three years one of the artists of the Carnegie Institution staff in Yucatan, and it would be hard to imagine a more magnificent bringing-alive of the figures of the Mayan bas-reliefs.

THE STIR OF NATURE. By W. H. CARR. New York: Oxford University Press. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE F. MORSE.
Author of "My Life With Animals."

MORE than ever before, the youth of today desires the truth. In turn, parents want them to have it. "The Stir of Nature" meets that requirement. It is written by a naturalist and to use the author's own words, in the first chapter of the book, "a naturalist is a crusader for the truth about nature."

Many of us know a good deal about nature, but none of us will ever know all about it, and it is a delight to read the simply told and intimate experiences which Mr. Carr has had with native wild life. Many of us know nothing about nature, but in everyone there is a latent interest in it which often does not find expression until stirred to life under the direction of a naturalist.

After an intense perusal of its contents, I am sure that the simply recounted experiences and the expressed love of the author for wild life in "The Stir of Nature" is bound to stir a new interest in the minds and hearts of those who have the good fortune to read it.

THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS. By S. FOSTER DAMON. Illustrated by VERA BOCK. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1930. $2.

THIS is a glimmery sort of fairy story. That is, it is a perfectly good fairy story, with fairies and elves and magic and all the "fixings" such as any regular fairy story ought to have. And then, besides, there are glimmers of ideas that you can't quite hold or even examine; ideas that you must glimpse out of the tail of your eye and look away from, which is the way many of the most important things have to be seen, if seen at all.

Abbie takes off through the Christmas tree into fairyland. She meets royalty itself,—Oberon and Titania, quarreling as usual—and is swept on into one adventure after another. She visits the Toy Smithy and the Fairy Zoo, is swept into the North Flue, has a breathless squirrel-back ride, and a few fearsome moments in the Ghost Pit.

It is good story telling, full of the detail that a child loves, yet full of variety and notion. And, for the imaginative child, and the grown-up who may be reading aloud, there are the glimmers. One gets them even in the phraseology: "iridescent music," "horns of dandelion stems which sound just the way they taste," "outside of time, and the only door back is the present." And one gets them in the fabric of the story itself, in the Toy Smithy, for instance, and what happens to all the wishes in the world. Those pages about wishes contain as pretty a bit of writing as one is likely to meet. But it is all pretty writing, simple and swift and vivid.

Outside of time, and the other side of blackness—and at the end Abbie comes back, into time and forgets. "The curtains fall together inside her brain."

But if only the poets and philosophers will keep on writing for the children, they may help us all to remember.

TALES OF A GRANDMOTHER. By GEORGES SAND. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1930. $2.50.

MORNING STAR. By ADA NEGRI. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. $2.50.

NEW GERMAN FAIRY TALES. By NORBERT LEBERMANN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by ELIZABETH C. MILLER

IT is a good thing for American young people, isolated as they are by two great oceans, to get the mood and spirit of another race, to sojourn emotionally and intellectually in countries other than their own. We ask of a translation that it shall do for us a particular thing, transport us into a different world, of new and other values; where human motives, though still human, shall partake of the character and flavor of a foreign environment and an alien inheritance, an environment and inheritance rooted in traditions as ours are not, and respecting ancient things such as the bonds of blood and the inescapability of labor and hardship.

There is some of this reality in all of these books, but it is in Georges Sands's "Tales of a Grandmother" that we find it at its most convincing and palatable. These Tales are a translation exquisitely and sympathetically done of stories written out of the genius of Georges Sand for her grandchildren. The first story of the boy Clopinet is in matter and treatment pure delight. It is so real that after you have read it you will never see a sea-bird again without thinking of Clopinet; and you will search biographical dictionaries to find his name, for you will be sure he was one of France's great men. His name, by the way, written as a verb, means, "To go on with difficulty singing a little." And there is the whole story of Clopinet. A weakling, he leaves a cruel adult world to live gloriously and hardily on his sea-cliffs among his bird friends, and he grows in body and soul to the fine, staunch, living fellow of the latter part of the story. And being a good Frenchman, he never forgets his filial obligations nor does he ever accept any values other than those which as an individual he has discovered for himself. To know Clopinet and his "wings of courage" is an inspiring experience for any child.

The magic of Queen Coax is not such pleasant magic, but it is a good magic which does not alter the inevitable; and Marguerite ends as she begins, herself, and true to herself, and not the glorious princess a more conventional tale would have left her.

The Rosy Cloud is a fanciful and lovely story that will tell our ease-loving little Americans that there is no royal road to anything. And there is for our children a new and unusual world set out with vividness—the mountain cottage and the spinning of the half-marvelous old aunt,—though one feels the spinning of the cottage was handwork with distaff and spindle and lacking the wheel so decoratively pictured by the artist. This story, like Clopinet, smells and tastes of the scene it is laid in.

And as for the Giant Yeous—when you finish that you have been in the mountains laboring in gargantuan style with the brave—oh, so brave—Miquel. And what after his discouraging and stupendous labors did Miquel have? Neither gold nor jewels nor fame nor glory—but his homestead and pasture—those things that befitted the man he was and that represent all happiness and honor to the heart of every peasant. The magic in this tale is not bizarre, but good, primitive earth magic that we all of us believe in when we are pitted against the elemental.

If the virtue celebrated in Clopinet is courage; in Queen Coax, humility; in the Rosy Cloud, industry,—then the moral of Miquel's is perseverance of a kind quite unknown to American life. And we must not be shy of a moral. Any good story grips you with its morality. It cannot be helped. To love and admire the hero is to admit the moral of the tale.

Diana in the "Castle of Pictordu" is the symbol of devotion and forbearance and yet she is not a prig.

Possibly it is the natural result of Georges Sand's own passionate love of nature that makes the stories that are laid in the heart of difficult nature, without moats or castles or any great work of man, more vivid and satisfying than the others. Certain it is that the heroes and heroines that alone stand and face and conquer nature, like Clopinet, and Miquel, and even Catherine with her spindle who subjugated a natural material to her will, are more alive and real and lovable than either Marguerite or Diana. But perhaps that is because the conflict with nature is of a more noble and pure sort than that we undertake with human beings, no matter how deftly we may handle the latter.

The book is a fresh new world of meaning and imagery to the minds of our American children and ought to make its appeal from ten-years-old up to fourteen with sensitive-minded children above and below those ages revelling in its beauty and its essential truth. The illustrations by Mr. Hess are many, and colorful in the extreme, and have a rare originality and beauty.

Illustration from "Sinbad," by Edwina (Coward-McCann), not a child's book but one that children chuckle over.

In abrupt contrast to this objective reality of taste and smell and sight and hearing given us by Georges Sand we have the almost subjective story of the little Italian girl in "Morning Star." This book takes one inside the mind of a talented child of Italy, born in humble surroundings, and whatever happens in the story seems to happen inside her head, which sort of reality has after all a very limited and rather adult appeal. The translation is good, but the story lacks humor and sturdiness, and in places verges on the morbid. It is all a little "sicklied o'er," and Dinin is so sensitive as to be almost neurotic. It is written in the present tense, which method carries its own risks, and there is now and then an abrupt change from third person to first which adds little to the literary quality and might prove confusing to a young reader. And for this book the readers must not be too young. One feels it is really an autobiographical sketch that the author has undertaken for her own pleasure, and one does not feel that her adolescent readers will necessarily experience like pleasure in reading it. There is Europe in it, of course, the stress on ancestry, class, and blood ties, and the beauty of ancient palaces and churches and humble living. But the whole book seems a series of glimpses into Dinin's mind and as such not very much alive as a story.

The "New German Fairy Tales" are a bit Grimmish without being Grimm. One feels these are good imitations of the old tales with their tailors and cobblers and potentates and talking animals, but they are not as refreshing nor as well put together. They have been told by a father to his children, and in their action and drama will hold a child's interest. There is almost a bewilderment of events in some of the stories, and one feels a lack of artistic form. Where there is a touch of the horrible and the violent there must be artistry, or there is discord. But this going endlessly from one event to another is a sound childish form after all. Try it on any child and see. A story told to children invariably sets itself into such a mould, a going on and on with climaxes scattered through the entire tale. The book will entertain eight- to twelve-year-olds, but one does not feel they will profit greatly from the entertainment. But then—why should they?

There is an uneven quality to the stories which is perhaps inevitable in any such collection. "The Wise Inventor" has a touch of the modern and, being the first in the volume, it leads one to expect a new character of story throughout, but the book attempts this sort of synthesis in only one other story. In the latter half of the book the stories seem to have more significance and vitality, but

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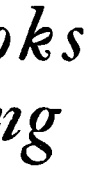
He is perennially popular...

his books make charming gifts



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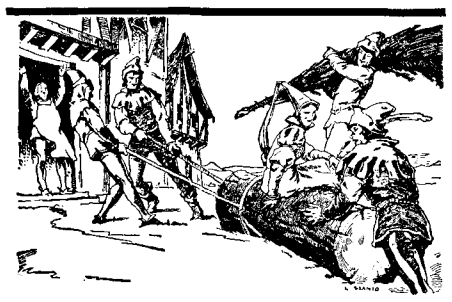

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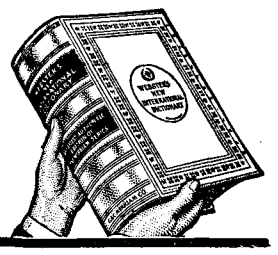

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The Children's Bookshop

(*Continued from page* 438)

the form is perhaps too rambling and loose. However, in view of Germany's preëminence in fairy tales a man is courageous who will tell and write new ones, and the book with its varied and diverse people and doings will hold many a child enthralled.

The pictures are sympathetic to a child's mind, and unlike the black and white drawings in some of our modern books they are harmonious artistically and often magic and beautiful without any loss of simplicity. They are scattered freely through the book, and we know how children will like that.

THE BLOT: LITTLE CITY CAT. By PHYLLIS CRAWFORD. Illustrated by HOLLING C. HOLLING. Cape & Smith. 1930. $2.

GALLEY JACK CROSSES THE LINE. By VIOLET MAXWELL and HELEN HILL. Illustrated by the authors. New York: Harper & Bros. 1930. $1.

BOS'N, the black bull-terrier, lies asleep by the fire. Sometimes he has dreams, dreams of pursuit when his paws move convulsively and he utters muffled barks; satisfactory dreams when his black rat-tail drums loudly on the floor; and occasional nightmares when he cries out like a human being caught in a maze of unreal terrors. Bos'n relives experience. But perhaps the world comes to animals in remembered scents and sounds. Perhaps their visual-images are vague, or are seen at a different focus, so that they live among objects that we would hardly recognize. But if their world of sight in any way corresponds to ours, it should be much like that which Holling C. Holling has made for the Blot, the black kitten who was lost for one whole day in the city.

Page after page shows across its surface or along the wide margins the Blot, playful, plaintive, skittering off before the onslaught of brooms, wet and miserable, investigative, sleepy, hungry, feeding, asleep, always a live half-grown kitten to the last hair of his tail. And his world is seen in the same way: feet, and reaching hands, and ash-cans, and the under parts of furniture. One would need no text to follow the changing story of the twenty-four hours from the moment the substitute news-seller cruelly sweeps the Blot out of the news-stand to his safe return to the welcome of Mr. Brindle the next morning. But the text of Phyllis Crawford is as satisfactory in its own way as the pictures, a simple chronicle of entirely cat-like affairs, to be understood by the smallest child and relished by the oldest uncle.

If the Blot gives a kitten's-eye view of the world, Galley Jack is a cat more in the Puss-in-Boots tradition. While the former ship's cat of the brig *Susan P. Meservey* does not talk with any of his human sailing-mates he does speak good down-East Yankee when conversing with other cats. He has a full human understanding of events, and is altogether a little man in white fur, most charmingly depicted on a background of whaling vessels, Gilbert-and-Sullivan pirates, Siam, and the tea trade. The book is full of humor and personality. The story moves swiftly and is never clogged by the shipping material which forms so excellent an introduction for children of ten or twelve to the technique of whaling and the romance of the great clippership races from the Pagoda Anchorage to the London tea-market. The book would be still better if the illustrations were more accurate, and one did not come upon Siamese hunters in Chippendale coolie costumes, or impossible bowsprits springing from the decks of ships like guns from a hidden trench.

THE FIRST PICTURE BOOK. By MARY STEICHEN MARTIN. Photographs by EDWARD STEICHEN. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by WILHELMINA HARPER

IN this first picture book of "everyday things for babies," Mr. Steichen's illustrations are so artistically made and arranged as to arouse keen interest and appreciation on the part of all who view the volume. In most attractive fashion, and without text, the book depicts the daily activities and interests of the baby's life. It brings within his own mental capacity and understanding a world of realism and actuality. The child is thus enabled to draw upon his own personal experiences and through them to reach out into the realm of imagination.

The little things of everyday life are familiarized in a most instructive and detailed manner without sacrificing spontaneity which is the very essence of child life. Nothing can bring more delight to a small child than actually to recognize some object he has formerly seen and which he has come really to know. Identification, repeated many times, gives him self-confidence and a feeling of pride. His imagination does not then need the fanciful to draw upon. He will easily endow the most familiar object with imaginative characteristics of alarming proportions. This little book, with its pictures in black-and-white, clear, simple, and distinct, will without doubt prove a joy to both parents and educators.

Take, for instance, the first pictures of a mug of milk and a slice of buttered bread. It may seem at first too familiar an object to hold the baby's interest. Not at all. Baby's attention will be immediately arrested. These are objects he uses over and over again. A happy feeling is his because of the association of appeased hunger, and beloved companionship at such a time. Even imagination enters into this prosaic picture as baby visualizes his next and similar meal.

The second picture of the Teddy Bear brings to his mind play and happiness. The third picture of the clock may remind him that daddy is coming. The next, of the brush and comb, may not seem such an interesting adventure as it is not always to his liking.

Then follows the picture of his socks and booties which will remind him that he wants to help. Next are balls of all sizes which suggest to him fun and play. Then the pencil and paper with little lines he has scribbled which show painstaking effort and bring praise from mother. The wash-basin and toothbrush on the next page cause him to feel that he is a big boy—almost as big as sister. The picture which follows of charming story-books for small people, and the page of balls in one book, are most pleasing to him and suggest the fun of the preceding ball picture. Then follow the blocks of various shapes and sizes suggesting earnest endeavor. The telephone picture suggests talking to daddy and imitating grown-ups. Then crib-contented sleep, warm and cozy. His place at table—sunshine and family life. And so on, with many more very lovely and artistic photographic illustrations all suitably arranged and showing Mrs. Martin's perfect understanding of her venture.

The educational theory behind this project seems to be most sound and sane. We shall await with interest the opinions of both teachers and parents regarding the influence and value of such a picture book in the life of the pre-school child.

Notes on New Editions

By LOUISE H. SEAMAN

TO present material published either recently or many years ago, in a new format attractive to boys and girls—that is one of the most interesting publishing problems. How much of the work of a famous writer is really suitable for them, and should be cut? Are you sure the book doesn't appeal more to the adults who recommend books then to young people themselves? Will it have chiefly school and library sale, or a popular sale besides, and what price should be aimed at? What size book, and what illustrator? The answer to these ques-

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tions determines whether the revival can live, or will soon go on the remainder lists.

The group sent me to review ranges in price from one fifty to three fifty. Granted no problem of low price, they represent sound, careful book-making, no startling innovations, no unusual new artist, no striking rediscovery of strangely interesting material.

For younger children, here is "Lulu's Library," by Louisa M. Alcott (Little, Brown: $2), nine tales selected from the three old volumes by Miss Eva Leslie, recently of the Los Angeles Library Children's Department. An old introduction of Miss Alcott's is reprinted after Miss Leslie's, telling of the happy childhood, in spite of all the hard work, in the Alcott home, and of how her writing began. The stories, though strangely old-fashioned, have Miss Alcott's ever-human, sentimental, and moral touch. Half of them are flower and candy fairy-tales for smaller children, the others realistic tales for older ones. Gertrude Kay's nine full-page pictures in two color line prints are stiff and not half so charming as her full color work.

The Lippincott series of Stories All Children Love has a new title, a rather unnecessary edition of "Gulliver's Travels" (Lippincott: $1.50), evidently edited, with eight very ordinary flat color decorative pictures by F. S. Cooke.

In the Harper Junior Classics, the new edition of "Toby Tyler, or Ten Weeks with a Circus," by James Otis (Harpers: $2.50), has very spirited new pictures by Richard H. Rodgers and a good size book format. The forewords by the author and by Mr. Kirk Monroe were both written some years ago. The endpapers and jacket are very vivid, gay, and real. The four full-page, two-color halftones are rather flat in contrast, but the spirited brown ink line sketches in the margins are very fine, except when they are repeated on pages where they haven't much to do with the story.

Appleton has brought over from England a collection of Compton MacKenzie's stories for children from various magazines, with the pictures from those magazines by various illustrators, and nice, inexpensive, pasted-in color plates by A. H. Watson, the best of the lot. The dull title, "Told" ($2), covers eleven typical sentimental English tales of lonely people, old and young. They are pleasant enough, but not very interesting to young Americans.

The last of the group for younger children I have bought myself in order to give credit and thanks to Minton, Balch, who, I understand, are acting as agents for Hasegawa, Tokyo, in a survival of those charming books of my childhood, "Japanese Fairy Tales" (Japan, Hasegawa; New York, Minton Balch: $10), translated by Lafcadio Hearn, illustrated by Japanese artists, in many lovely colors, printed on crepe paper, tied with silk strings; five come together in a strong board folder with little ivory fastenings. What a gift! My tattered old copies are on cheaper paper, on which the type is easy to read: it almost disappears on this new strong crepe, but I should say, let the eyes suffer over type for once, the pictures and tales are worth it. The enchanting titles are: The Fountain of Youth; The Old Woman Who Lost Her Dumpling; The Goblin Spider; Chin Chin Kobakawa. I hope these agents will be successful enough to be willing to bring over more of the first series, and to try them boxed in smaller numbers at lower prices. The artists' names are not given, but the result of "printing by hand from Japanese wood blocks" is well worth the present price.

For older boys and girls, the outstanding gift books in this class are, as usual, Scribner's Classics. Why, at the same price, one title this year is a quarter inch bigger each way than the other, is a problem that would bother only a publisher. James Baldwin's "The Story of Roland" (Scribner: $2.50) is a fine prose version of a great tale, and the many gorgeous color pictures by Peter Hurd, though a far cry from Parish and Wyeth, will lure children into a tale of long ago. "Jinglebob" (Scribner: $2.50), a fine cowboy story of the old west, written by Philip A. Rollins in 1927, has earned the accolade of Mr. Wyeth's work, and his illustrations are well worth the money, even though there are only four within the book, one on jacket, two on endpapers. They were made in 1904, but luckily they really have something to do with the story, and they do not need to picture the two eastern boys—the story itself would be better without them.

Houghton Mifflin adds to their Riverside Bookshelf, "Mother Carey's Chickens" ($2), by Kate Douglas Wiggin, a family story very widely read and loved, probably by girls of over twelve. It is hard to believe

(*Continued on page* 444)

The Reader's Guide

By May Lamberton Becker

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to Mrs. Becker c/o *The Saturday Review.*

L. M. H., St. Louis, Mo., asks what books besides De la Mare's "Flora" have been illustrated by Pamela Bianco, and adds, "Who is Pamela Bianco?"

HERE is the list, checked by Mrs. Bianco:

FLORA: A BOOK OF DRAWINGS. Illustrative poems by Walter de la Mare. Lippincott.

NATIVES OF ROCK. By Glenway Westcott. Privately printed, F. Bianco, New York. (Decorations only.)

THE LITTLE WOODEN DOLL. By Margery Williams. Little Library. Macmillan.

THE SKIN HORSE. By Margery Williams Bianco. Doubleday, Doran.

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE INFANTA. By Oscar Wilde. Macmillan. A trade edition and a limited edition, signed.

THE LAND OF DREAMS. Twenty Poems by William Blake. Macmillan. The limited edition is out of print.

THREE CHRISTMAS TREES. By Juliana H. Ewing. Macmillan (just published).

If you have a proper acquaintance with perfect books for children you know "The Velveteen Rabbit." Nicholson made its pictures, but its unforgettable text is by Margery Williams Bianco, born and educated in America, married abroad to Captain Francisco Bianco, an Italian literature book collector and student. Their two children were born in Italy, a boy now graduating from Columbia, and Pamela, who is eighteen. She was educated at home and never had any art instruction; her father used to offer prizes for the best book made by the children, and Pamela made the pictures for her books as well; it was soon clear that hers was a distinctive talent. The family moved to London when she was ten, and there her first big exhibition was held; for some of the drawings there shown Walter de la Mare wrote poems, the result being "Flora." When she was thirteen, the exhibition was taken to America, and the whole family came, too, and have lived here ever since. Pamela illustrated her mother's charming "Little Wooden Doll" in much the manner of "Flora." Her paintings lately exhibited in New York are in oils and not at all like her earlier work, save that they still have a magical, mystical quality; she has made lithographs — highly patterned, decorative plates. Whether Pamela will do more book-illustrating remains to be seen. It is obvious that in whatever field she chooses she will produce work of distinction; her talent is most individual, and now no longer the "child genius" of five years ago, she is an artist whose work competes with that of older people. She has just received a Guggenheim fellowship and gone abroad to study; a friend of mine writes: "She is seeing Florence and all of Italy for the first time since she was a very small child, and it is very exciting to have news of her opening her eyes at all that art from a grown-up point of view." Macmillan would send you a photograph of Pamela at her easel, in overalls—a delightful likeness.

SEVERAL times a week at this time of year the same question comes to this department, with more variation in wording than in purport, asking for a list of new novels of importance. Sometimes it is from a reading club or a group that passes its novels from hand to hand, sometimes from someone with the frugal and excellent habit of doing his holiday shopping early enough to read books himself before passing them along; sometimes it is just from someone attempting to organize his season's reading. The point they are likely to have in common is that they say the books must be "worthwhile;" it is hard to put into words just what they mean by this word, but they know that I know. I have so far replied by mail, but the season being by now so far advanced, I may answer not only half-a-dozen inquiries on hand but no doubt others as yet unmailed, by naming a few novels of the opening season that seem to me worth not only reading but owning, for one reason or another, and with material rewarding discussion.

As I have already suggested a number of English novels, let us begin with Americans: "Philippa," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (Houghton Mifflin), makes a noble beginning. Not that the girl Philippa herself is noble, being at an age hard as unripe fruit, and of a nature so unsympathetic that exquisite sympathy is needed in her portrayal —and how searching that study, from her heredity to her successive environments! For studies of a life long enough to provide contrasts, "Years of Grace," by Margaret Ayer Barnes (Houghton Mifflin), and Dorothy Canfield's "The Deepening Stream" (Harcourt Brace), the latter coming to some reconciliation between pre-war and post-war philosophies of life, as they are formulated by a heroine who lives richly but not too differently. Anything of Mrs. Wharton's must be read, and "Certain People" (Appleton) should be owned, if only for the first short story in this collection, recalling the best of her early successes in this medium. Martha Ostenso, in "The Waters Under the Earth" (Dodd Mead), returns to much the same field as her first novel, and in much the same spirit. "Mirthful Haven" shows what Booth Tarkington can do with a Joseph Lincoln sort of plot; considering how many times Joseph Lincoln has used it, it is surprising that anything more can be done with it at all. W. R. Burnett, in "Saint Johnson" (Dial), takes what would sound, should I tell it here, like a stereotyped bad-man plot, and makes a historical romance that keeps one reading furiously and leaves him with a new idea, I hope, of why we have a different tradition of law and order in America than that prevailing in a country where for centuries processions have been setting off for Tyburn. I have not been so impressed with the workmanly qualities of a first novel since "The Green Bay Tree" as I was with those of Irving Fineman's "This Pure Young Man" (Longmans Green); everyone knows that it won the big Longmans Prize, and the wise ones will watch for whatever he may do in the future.

So they should, I believe, for later work by the author of a runner-up in this competition, "Gentlemen All," by William F. Fitzgerald (Longmans, Green), an uncommonly good story in which the old South meets the new. Admirers of "Rome Haul" will be quite as happy over Walter D. Edmond's second novel, "The Big Barn" (Little, Brown); like the first, it is laid in the Erie Canal country, where I found people, on a recent visit, eagerly grasping for it.

For the English novels, "Angel Pavement," by J. B. Priestley (Harper), which I maintain is a masterpiece; "The Water Gypsies," by A. P. Herbert (Doubleday Doran), so gay and with so light a touch that it manages successfully to spring some surprising variations on stock situations by the simple process of telling the truth about what happened; "Miss Mole," by E. H. Young (Harcourt, Brace), in which a heroine is not so young and yet is permitted to be happy; "Maurice Guest," by Henry Handel Richardson (Norton), because a hundred chances to one you did not read it when it appeared, twenty years ago, and now it will bring back a world of music-student life that even in Germany is gone forever. No one need to be told to get Galsworthy's "On Forsyte 'Change" (Scribner), but it may not be amiss to point out that these are not sequels but parts of the very fabric of the Forsyte story, quite as strong and sound as any of it. "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," by Major Yeats-Brown (Viking), is now ready, the best novel about India since Forster's "Passage to India"—if you can call this personal narrative a novel.

When I reached the last page of Ossorgin's "Quiet Street" (Dial) I was amazed to find how many pages there had been in the book, which I carried about with me in trains and subways lest I lose a moment with it. At last at least a part of the Russian revolution is in fiction, beautifully as well as truthfully. I do not doubt that the claim made for Kallinikov's "Women and Monks" (Harcourt, Brace) as the last piece of Russian fiction in the pre-war manner that we are likely to get, is justified, and the resemblance to the Dostoievsky of the Karamazovs is often striking; also it shows one reason for the unpopularity of the Russian church with the people. But as the ladies in it lose their virtue practically continuously, it cannot be recommended for family fireside reading. Knut Hamsun's "Vagabonds" (Coward-McCann) rushes along through a crowd of living, life-hungry peasants; Ana Maria, one of the women, goes to prison after a fashion not unlike that of the heroine of "Growth of the Soil." The most important German novel of the season seems to me Gabriele Reuter's "Daughters" (Macmillan), sympathetically presenting a youth problem to be found in other countries but perhaps at its most poignant in post-war Central Europe. I suppose Lion Feuchtwanger's "Success" (Viking) is important too, but I am only on page 427 as yet, with as far again to go.

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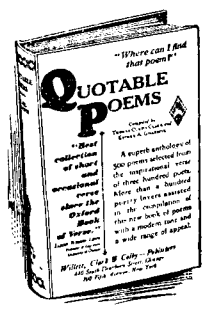

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Juvenile

DINO OF THE GOLDEN BOXES. By VIRGINIA OLCOTT. Stokes. 1930. $1.75.

Two years ago Miss Olcott had the happy thought of putting the beauty and fascination of Taormina into a story for children. Now, in "Dino," she seeks to present to us in simplified form the lives of some of the great artists who were born or nurtured in Florence. Her method of story telling is one that is common in Italy. Uncle Carlo, arriving in Florence from his farm in Fiesole, tells these stories to Dino, who, like nine-tenths of Italian children, is inspired with the noble ambition to become a famous painter of a "picture that was to hang in the Uffizi Palace near Fra Angelico's angels and Giotto's pure Madonnas!" But Dino's picture will not be so spiritual; it will be of a "princess . . . tall and pretty, who wears every jewel in the shops on the Ponte Vecchio." Coming home from the Mercato with the money he has received in exchange for the beautiful boxes his sister Margherita has made, Dino, in true artistic absentmindedness, allows an old woman to steal his money tied up in a handkerchief. Here Miss Olcott is somewhat mistaken, for a young Italian girl like Margherita would never have allowed her brother, whom she understands very well, to bring home the money. Poor Italian girls are more careful about money.

From the two books of Miss Olcott we gather that she is more conversant with Taormina and the Sicilian peasant than with the city of Florence and its citizens. The illustrations and decorations by Catherine Smith are, as usual, very charming and colorful.

TIMOTHY AND THE BLUE CART. By ELINOR WHITNEY. Illustrated by BERTA and ELMER HADER. Stokes. 1930. $1.50.

GRANDMOTHER'S COOKY JAR. By HELEN FULLER ORTON. Illustrated by M. L. FRANTZ. The same.

THIS WOODEN PIG WENT WITH DORA. By WALTER LINDSAY. Illustrated by JAMES REID. McBride. 1930. $2.

The first two of these little books belong in the same category,—rather quiet stories in realistic vein and simply told, having to do with children's experiences in the country. Both are well written and should be very acceptable. Miss Whitney in "Timothy and the Blue Cart" has a lighter touch than Mrs. Orton and writes in more humorous vein in her account of the old farmer Benjamin and Timothy, his ancient but cherished horse, whose fate hangs in the balance as automobiles and hard times threaten his master's finances. One does regret that it had to be through the well-worn lost money-box device that Benjamin's merry young summer visitors solved the problem for him and for Timothy, but it is not likely that this will destroy for young readers any of the excellent values in the book.

Mrs. Orton's story of the old cooky jar, its mysterious disappearance from Grandmother's hospitable farm kitchen, and its pursuit and recovery by the grandchildren for her birthday surprise, make very pleasant reading. The illustrations are more conventional than the lively ones in Miss Whitney's book, but they are adequate, and the large, clear type and simple English suggest a valuable little silent reader.

The third book in the group is of the fanciful, "Alice - in - Wonderland" variety, not large in scope, but pleasing and amusing,—more so in the text and the illustrations than in the occasional incidental verses. A little girl's dream, as she naps in a hammock, is the basis of the story, and her adventures are merrily told, led off by the wooden pig who said "Ouch" when his mistress inserted a pin to replace his missing fourth leg. He soon suffered still worse tribulations by losing the permanent wave in his tail as the water-turtle, mistaking it for bait, held on like grim death,—but in this sort of tale an attempt at outline only spoils the pleasant inconsequence of events, so we shall leave the tail uncurled and the story untold.

HAVING FUN. By ISA L. WRIGHT. Houghton Mifflin. 1930. $1.25.

The teacher of first grade children always welcomes a book of stories with a vocabulary within their reading ability, yet of sufficient interest to hold their attention. Such a book is "Having Fun."

The principal characters, a boy and a girl and their pets, are those familiar to the makers of books for children, but these are placed in situations fresh and fascinating to young readers. The author has made use of those most satisfying experiences, playing house, going to school, a birthday party, preparation for Christmas and its celebration, a ride in the woods, and a rainy day with its delights of cake and candy-making. Through them all run the adventures of the pets.

Miss Wright's animal stories are already known and loved by many children, and those in "Having Fun" are exceptionally good. As the teacher in the story tells them, or the father reads them aloud, they become a natural part of the book.

The vocabulary is based on the first five hundred words of the Gates and Thorndike lists, and the necessary repetition is often cleverly achieved in little rhymes that will delight the children.

The many bright colored illustrations by Hildegard Woodward completely catch the spirit of the text and are entirely satisfying. The typography is excellent for children of this age.

THE RECKLESS SEVEN. By NELLY RIEU. Illustrated by ELOISE BURNS. Macmillan. 1930. $2.50.

FINDERS-KEEPERS. By CARROLL WILSON RANKIN. Illustrated by GEORGE GILLETT WHITNEY. Holt. 1930. $1.75.

THE SILVER SHELL. By MARY ELLEN CHASE. Illustrated by HELEN B. EVERS. The same. $2.

"The Reckless Seven" is a well-written book which endears itself to its readers in several ways. It offers merry pictures of a large family to whom joking, teasing, mild quarrelling, and joyous recreation are all part of an affectionate family loyalty. Its Pater familias is a delightful person who is able to make pungent comments in the most acute family crises, and who, in spite of absent-minded preoccupation with his manuscripts, never fails in the strenuous essentials of leadership of such a claim. Once granted the somewhat questionable decision to meet necessary economies by moving the entire family to live in an abandoned fort—of all places—on a rocky Channel island, the plot carries itself on by the sheer momentum of adventures and escapes that follow. Perhaps no family would hop off so hastily even with such philosophically capable parents. Perhaps hairbreadth escapes could not follow in quite such rapid succession and unexpected variety. Never mind—it is all delightful in tone and amusing in the reading, and the lively illustrations carry out the spirit of a very welcome book.

Two other early-'teen stories of this autumn season have much to commend in them; one in somewhat the same tone, the other a contrast. In "Finders-Keepers" we read of another family group, this time on a long automobile holiday in the West. Their experiences are enlivened by the absorption into the group (and into an already full car) of one stray after another, both human and animal,—adoptions enforced by circumstances and kind-heartedness. The stories by which the human strays come to be there in the path of the Baileys are a little stretched in the details of probabilities, as perhaps also is the ending in which they are put upon a permanent basis. But the tone and manner of the whole are good.

"The Silver Shell" takes us into a different atmosphere—quiet, and rather thoughtful than adventurous. Its theme is the solitary and difficult life of families—especially lighthouse families—in the isolated spots of the beautiful Maine coast, with the scarcity of companionship for children and the difficulties of their education. There is a good deal of charm in the book, but, being quiet and simple, it will probably be popular only with a rather thoughtful type of child. It would be much more successful if the author had omitted a great many long words and over-polished phrases for which simple and unaffected substitutes would have been better suited to the age in view. This book and the one last mentioned both seem to be rather cheaply made.

BILLY BOY'S SEA ADVENTURES. By MAUD WILCOX NIEDERMEYER. Sully. 1930. $1.50.

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF KERMIT, THE HERMIT CRAB. By ETHEL CLERE CHAMBERLIN. The same.

Billy Boy, who lives on a barge, makes friends with a barge rat which claims to have been the rat that was turned into a

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coachman for Cinderella's coach. The extraordinary animal takes him a-journeying to the bottom of the sea, having first instructed the child to say "Stop! Look! Listen!"—which causes him to grow so small that he is able to ride on the rat's back. They meet the mackerels, "Dr." Bluefish, the fiddler crab, the sea horse, the jellyfishes, and the charming Tide brothers, the fat Mr. High Tide and the lean Mr. Low Tide. If they had met only the Tides, the book would be complete. The illustrations are excellent. We assume that the child will know it is imaginary when he reads that the sea horse neighs and the organ-pipe coral plays a tune, but even a fairy tale can avoid distorting natural history and we are sorry to have him told that sticklebacks are the only fishes that build nests, and to have Mrs. Stickleback say that her husband will watch over her "with jealous care," for among the many species of fishes that build nests, few of the females are accorded much courtesy by their mates, and most brutal and murderous of all is the male stickleback.

Kermit, the hermit crab, wanders from his mother who is taking her six children in search of shell houses to live in. His sprightly adventures with the acorn and goose barnacles, the sand dollar, starfish, and sea urchin, the king crab who keeps a market, the spider crab who specializes in roof gardens, the pink ribbon worm who acts as real estate agent in helping him find a shell, Mrs. Aggie Oyster, who is stringing pearls and will not tell how she made the blanket which she wrapped about the "bugs" to form the pearls, and what Kermit hears about the squid who carries his own pen and ink, are illustrated with humorous drawings by the author.

Some of the animals use glue pots and cups and pitchers, Mrs. Jerusha Hermit Crab being provided with a broom, also a buffer to polish her "nails," and many of the sea creatures are pictured with human faces. It is a capital fairy tale of the sea, with little violation of the facts of natural history other than the "bugs" supposed to live in salt water, the clams that "hop," and the father sea horse who swims with his youngsters.

It "Billy Boy's Sea Adventures" the father sea horse, when his offspring have emerged from his brood pouch, wails, "I shall never see them again. They do not need me any more." This is better natural history.

Miscellaneous

MONHEGAN, THE CRADLE OF NEW ENGLAND. By IDA SEDGWICK PROPER. Portland, Maine: The Southworth Press. 1930. $4.

Monhegan is a deep sea island off the Maine coast, pine and spruce clad still, but once heavily forested, whose bold rock walls and dashing surf have often been painted. It is a summer home now for artists and writers, and many fishermen go out of it, and some things not fish come in. That it should be New England's cradle needs the historical explanation which this book provides.

The author has made elaborate studies of the narratives of early voyages, and brought together their references to what is now the Maine coast. Monhegan, with wood and water, was a landfall for nearly all of them, and became a convenient rendezvous, and later a port of call for the cod fishermen. André Thevet described it in 1566, having visited it as part of the region called Norumbega by Verrazano, who sailed on discovery for Francis I in 1524, and himself must have seen Monhegan.

Now from the North
Of Norumbega and the Samoed shore
Bursting their brazen dungeons, armed
with ice

wrote Milton a century later, a little vague as to just where Norumbega was. David Ingram, who sailed with Sir John Hawkins in 1586, was the first Englishman to describe Monhegan. He walked from the Gulf of Mexico where he had been marooned in the hope, which was justified, that the fishermen who visited Norumbega would rescue him. England took possession in 1574, and by 1588 Monhegan seems to have been inhabited by the English. Pearls were found there. Raleigh Gilbert, sailing there in 1607 with two ships of colonizers, found a cross set up by an earlier navigator, and the Rev. Richard Seymour celebrated the first protestant service in the boundaries of New England. This colony failed, but after a French visit, the English settlement was renewed, though chiefly as a trading station for the increasing number of ships fishing in these prolific seas. Captain John Smith visited and recorded his experience. And Samoset, the friendly Indian who welcomed the Pilgrims in 1621 at Plymouth, had learned his English of the "captains, commanders, and masters" that came to fish at Monhegan.

When the mainland began to be settled Monhegan lost its importance as the port of call for all voyagers that way, but continued to be the center of the fishing trade. But in October of 1689, while the French war was on, two or three hundred Indians were sent to destroy the settlement. It was burnt and the inhabitants driven away, and not till the end of the Indian and French wars in the eighteenth century was there continuous and peaceable life in the island again. It was still a fisherman's haven, but it was too near a frontier for safety.

All this the author of this book relates, with too many details of doubtful relevancy in the early period, but with a faithful summary of every mention of Monhegan. It is an extraordinary history for a tiny bit of land in the new world. The famous "runic inscriptions" on the sister island of Mananas, ascribed to the Norse, to the Chinese, to the Indians, and to nature, she leaves in as deep a cloud of mystery as ever.

Poetry

THE POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON. Centenary Edition. Little, Brown. 1930. $4.

Emily Dickinson's centenary (December 10, 1930) has already been celebrated in advance by three biographies differing in surmise and conclusions, one novel "suggested" by her life, and a score of appreciative articles. It is a fitting climax that the publishers of her much-interpreted gnomic lines should issue all the accumulated verse written as early as the 'sixties and 'seventies, though practically unpublished until 1890.

The new collection is a handsome and generous one in every way. It comprises the four separate books brought together in 1924 and, at that time, offered as Emily Dickinson's "Complete Poems" as well as the two hundred "hidden meteors" suddenly revealed in 1929 and published as "Further Poems by Emily Dickinson." There is a new introduction by her niece, Martha Dickinson Bianchi; there is an Appendix of five poems differing somewhat from those quoted in her letters; there is a twenty-page Index which will win the approval of the *Mercurial* Mr. Mencken.

One could say much more—much more will be said for some years to come. For the present it is enough to say that the new format is more distinguished than its predecessors, that the type-page is more attractive, and—could "the Amherst recluse" ever have foreseen it?—the revised volume contains some eight hundred poems. Here, with the exception of any further undiscovered or unprinted verses, is a complete showing of one of the most provocative geniuses of our times. It is not only a rich and dramatic volume; it is an indispensable one.

THE TIDE OF LIFE. By *Watson Kirkconnell*. Ottawa: Ariston.

SONGS OUT OF EGYPT. By *Clinton Scollard*. Portland: Mosher.

HIDDEN FLAMES. By *Bunichi Kagawa*. Half Moon Press.

POEMS. By *Karl Kraus*. Translated by *Albert Block*. Four Seas. $2.

WHISTLE OF DAY. By *Ruth Evelyn Henderson*. Atlanta: Hartsock. $1.50.

THE BEST POEMS OF 1930. Selected by *Thomas Moult*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

THE RAVEN. By *Edgar Allan Poe*. Illustrated by *Ferdinand H. Horvath*. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

SONGS OF A VAGABOND. By *George Henry Green*. Neale.

CAPE COD WOMAN AND OTHER POEMS. By *Ethel Ericson*. London. Fowler Wright.

HOMING. By *Carolyn Hazard*. London: Fowler Wright.

NOT CREATURES BUT CREATIONS. By *Dorothy R. Byard*. London: Fowler Wright.

TOMORROW. By *Clarence L. Peaslee*. London: Fowler Wright.

THE RAIN-SPIRIT AND OTHER POEMS. By *Blanche McCauley*. London: Fowler Wright.

OLD WINDOW PANES. By *Gertrude S. McCalmont*. London: The Poetry League.

RED SHOES. By *Carlisle Ellis* and *Katharinet Ellis Barrett*. Woman's Press. $1.50.

GHOST WIND. By *William Jewell*. Sigma Tau Delta, Liberty, Mo.

WIDOW DINEEN AND OTHER BITS OF HUMAN NATURE. By *Mary J. M. Larkin*. Stratford.

GLOBE-GLIDING. By *Bob Brown*. Diessen: Roving Eye Press.

BEAUTY. By *LeRoy V. Brant*. San José, Calif.: Wright-Eley Press.

Religion

RELIGIOUS ORDERS OF WOMEN IN THE UNITED STATES. Catholic. By *Elinor Tong Dehey*. Revised edition.

TWO YEARS OF SUNDAY NIGHTS. By *Roy L. Smith*. Abingdon. $2.

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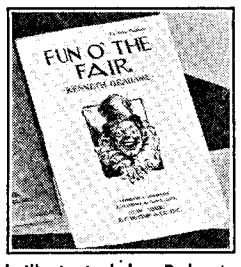

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(*Continued from page* 441)

that these pictures by the famous Elizabeth Shippen Green Elliott are new, because they are picturing a family of another generation, not long ago enough to be really old-fashioned, just "queer."

Dodd, Mead adds to The International Classics, Dickens's "The Old Curiosity Shop" ($2). Whether the sixteen illustrations by Rowland Wheelwright, fairly effective process color inserts, will lure any youngster through five hundred and sixty pages of small type, is a question. I feel that if the young person of today really will read Dickens—is there a should about it?—he might better have the boisterous reality of Cruikshank, and get the full flavor of the period. This new edition however, is a great lot for the money.

Harper issues a new edition of "Cardigan," by Robert Chambers ($2.50), with new pictures by Henry Pitz. All are in his best romantic vein, and he has created real characters. The color jacket and frontispiece alone are unfortunate, being quite unrelated in feeling and treatment to the rest of the book. Boys and girls over twelve will like this historical tale.

Another adventurous sea story, of a later century, is "East South East" by Frank Morley (Harcourt, Brace: $2.50), first published in 1929, and now illustrated from wood cuts by Glanckoff, some with two color tints. It is a fine tale, and a nice, vigorous piece of illustrating.

Two new editions, for the oldest young readers of all, carry the truly individual interpretations, the inspired swift draughtsmanship of James Daugherty. One of these, "The Bold Dragon," is reviewed elsewhere. The other, John Brown's Body by Stephen V. Benét (Doubleday Doran: $3.50) will, we hope, gain a new audience for that great poem; though we believe that those old enough to read it do not need pictures to help them through it. But they need Mr. Daugherty, whatever the excuse, and here he is again. He says he has "orchestrated" the poem, rather than illustrated it, and there will be those who do not like or understand his particular kind of fine sketchy symbolism. He has never been given a finer chance to accompany words with pictures, and in variety of treatment, dramatic feeling, intelligent selection of human and poetic detail, he has never done better.

Beyond the Hudson

(*Continued from page* 432)

in the United States within the last quarter of a century a poetic mode in which no poet needs borrow from any other and all are authentically American. Not at all a bad record for any modern nation. And then there is the emergence of a new dramatic form first descried in the West!

How do you know what other promises we aren't discerning out here so far from "Hickville-on-the-Hudson"? Perhaps if any editor would properly cross the prophet's hand with silver, there might be revelations of movements nascent in the American consciousness, movements already kicking off their swaddling clothes, movements of growth and development rising through the acrid smell of Americans despising each other. I ask you, Mr. Canby, is this passion of disgust which you so deplore, any more than the prompt and characteristically American method of release by evacuation, rather than the longer one of conscious intelligent control? As a matter of fact, I doubt if any of the people you mention fail to love America, even the America they know. The trouble is they don't know enough. A good many of their retchings are, I imagine, motions of nostalgia, of homesickness for the land they haven't the time, and perhaps, in some cases, not the wit to discover. We are most of us only half breeds, you know, meztizos between the old culture and the new, inheritors of no tradition and not yet like true sons of the soil, able to make our own.

MARY AUSTIN.

Santa Fé, New Mexico.

[*I am inclined to agree most heartily with Mrs. Austin in most of her contentions; but I was not writing of Americans who do write well and lovingly of their country, of whom they are not a few, but of those discontented satirists who in one department of contemporary American literature, the novel, have on the whole dominated the scene for a decade, and I was using that striking fact as evidence for my main contention that individualism was stirring in a supposedly standardized country. I shall hope to do Mrs. Austin and those who are not unhappy at being Americans, justice in another essay where they will be germane to the theme.*—HENRY S. CANBY.]

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La Fontaine

THE FABLES OF JEAN DE LA FONTAINE, newly translated into English verse by JOSEPH AUSLANDER and JACQUES LE CLERCQ. With title-page and decorations engraved on copper by RUDOLPH RUZICKA. New York: Limited Editions Club. 1930.

THIS is the twelfth publication of the Limited Editions Club, and the last—for the present—to be printed in this country. It ends the conspectus of American printing which Mr. Macy set forth to give in a twelvemonth, the varying items of which I have from time to time noticed. The series ends on a high note, which, if not suggestive of American printing in its more outstanding modern fashion, at least brings back all the *motifs* to what is soundest and most reasonable in our practice of the art.

For after the tumult and the shouting die, it will be realized that that printing is best which does least advertise itself. We tend to forget this in our familiarity with the advertiser and his blatancy: but "the bust outlasts the throne, the coin, Tiberius." So, while it is pleasant to play with books as the advertiser plays with his psychological appeals in the journals, yet that printing which will last and give pleasure is done in a soberly ordered way.

These two volumes are well proportioned small octavos, set in a small, remarkably clear type, with running heads, chapter titles, etc., in a fine seventeenth century roman and italic—all in small sizes, or, to return to our musical simile, in a low key. Margins, leading, spacing, all the incidentalia, are in the best mode. The paper is a thin, flexible, soft sheet, admirable for presswork—which makes somewhat surprising the occasional uneven quality of the printing, and the lack of a firm impression in places.

A distinguishing feature of the volumes though so admirably adapted to the format as not to force attention, is Mr. Ruzicka's really beautiful engravings on copper which appear at the beginning of each book, and as frames for the bastard title-pages (hardly the title-pages as stated in the volumes). His designs have none of the humor of La Fontaine or of his translators, but by their exquisite clarity of drawing they fit the fables and the printing.

The printing has been done at the Merrymount Press of Mr. D. B. Updike.

I am scarcely qualified to judge of the translations, but a somewhat rusty memory of the French originals would seem to suggest that the spirit of La Fontaine had been retained, and that the crispness of the French had not suffered unduly in the metamorphosis. At least one may feel rather well satisfied to place so good an edition, from every point of view, on one's shelf. R.

A CATALOGUE OF THE ETCHINGS OF LEVON WEST. Compiled by OTTO M. TORRINGTON. With an Introduction by ELIZABETH LUTHER CARY. New York: Rudge. 1930. $15 (and a special edition).

THIS catalogue is an excellent example of how attractive a catalogue may be when it is properly designed and well printed. Reproductions (reduced) are given of most of the work of Mr. West, and small as they are, the aquatone printing makes them satisfactory as a record and interesting in themselves. The book has been

● SUPPOSE THE SUN SHOULD GO OUT!

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designed by Frederic Warde, and printed by W. E. Rudge. It is an elaborate record for so young an etcher, but a good model of how such a catalogue may be handled.

R.

IF for no other reason, the third number of the *Colophon* would be important because it includes Mr. Michael Sadleir's essay, "Decentralization or Deadlock," one of the sanest and most balanced efforts to call attention to the need for imagination and independence in collecting that has appeared in a long time. There is a refreshing quality about writing of this kind —Mr. Sadleir is not interested chiefly in high prices; he has no patience with fashions in collecting; and he emphasizes constantly the necessity of using a certain amount of intelligence and judgment. "Leave the 'Tom Joneses' and the 'Vicars of Wakefield' and the Chesterfields and the Waverleys and the 'Opium Eaters' and the 'Origins of Species' and the 'Jane Eyres' and the 'Desperate Remedies' to the millionaires. Are there not Crabbes and Hazlitts and Pickering imprints and Beddoes and books on aeronautics and catalogues of old lending libraries and half a hundred other coherencies still available in varying obscurity and at varying prices? In nature the bird who gets up earliest catches the most worms, but in book-collecting the prizes fall to birds who know worms when they see them." Mr. Sadleir is so distinguished as a collector and bibliographer that his criticisms and suggestions demand careful attention. But aside from his essay, the entire number of the *Colophon* is excellent—commencing with Mr. Harry B. Smith's delightful reminiscences of early American collectors, it includes Mr. Morley's account, written in his usual conversational fashion, of his first book; Mr. Van-Vechten's "Notes for an Autobiography" which is most entertaining; Mr. Wilmarth S. Lewis's description of his remarkable Horace Walpole library, done with particular care and attention, and illustrated with lovely reproductions of prints in his possession; Mr. R. W. Chapman's note on the source of Goldsmith's "History of England in a Series of Letters," a perfect example of the kind of biobliographical writing the English invariably do so well: "The Dark Horse," by Mr. LeRoy Crummer, the story of the manner in which Colonel John Anderson, Jr., defeated both Henry Stevens and Mr. H. E. Huntington; Mr. Oscar Lewis on the California School of Printing, a delightful opportunity for Mr. Rollins to upset again the somewhat belligerent admirers of Mr. John Henry Nash's work; Miss Carolyn Wells's recollections of Lavinia Dickinson; and Mr. Edward L. Tinker on the negro poets of New Orleans in the early nineteenth century, an especially well-written and fascinating essay. The *Colophon* editors are succeeding in setting for themselves such high standards of interest and literacy that their future numbers will be watched with unusual attention.

It might be added that it is still possible to subscribe for the second year of this quarterly, the first number of which is promised for March, 1931.

G. M. T.

Newspaper Mechanics

TYPOGRAPHY AND MECHANICS OF THE NEWSPAPER. By KENNETH E. OLSON. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1930.

THE contents of this book are to be sharply divided into two sections, that dealing with the practice of newspaper printing, which, so far as one may judge from the author's use of technical terms, is accurate and serviceable information on a very practical craft; and that portion dealing with the history of printing which is largely fiction of a rather stupid kind.

The newspaper worker, whether in the news room, the editorial room, or the mechanical department, is a realist. The necessity for getting out the paper every day keeps the newspaper worker's feet on the ground, and permits few excursions into idealism of any sort. The result is that the modern newspaper trails behind other branches of printing in artistic form, while at the same time, owing to the feverish competition for advertising and readers, it lends itself too freely to experiments in the bizarre, and, since the advent of Hearst, into sensationalism in form. The path of a writer on the subject of newspaper typography is not an easy one, for since the end of the eighteenth century, there have been few really comely newspapers, and no one seems to have the courage or the money to make a successful attempt at reforming the appearance of our dailies. So the only way in which the subject may be treated is realistically. This means a conservative, matter-of-fact account of the better practices in the urban dailies, with due attention to the newer phases of mechanical invention. Mr. Olson's treatment of the successive phases of newspaper production, of the relative merits of type setting machines, presses, type faces for various purposes, etc., seems clear and rational. The illustrations of machinery and various forms of heads and make-up are well selected and on the whole his conclusions are sensible. The student will find much to help him in the every day practical problems of newspaper production.

But, alas, for the student who hopes to learn something of the history of printing from this book! I think it is fair to say that no popular presentation of the history of printing has been more loosely written than this. It is a tissue of rubbish. From the misspelling of proper names to the breezy, sentimental, and wholly unreliable account of Gutenberg's printing, the historical data (largely culled from unreliable second-hand sources) is grotesquely false. For instance, the myth about early separate wooden letters, held together with wires or string, is here not only repeated, but elaborated with annoying apocryphal details. Again, the "coffin," which surrounds the imposing stone, is hopelessly confused with the "chase," which surrounds the type. One might go on indefinitely, but when one reads that William Morris did for English printing what Theodore Lowe (*sic*) De Vinne did for printing in America, one wishes the author had known a little bit more—enough to omit entirely his so-called historical portions.

R.

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Further reasons for Thanksgiving:

Indian summer in November. . . . Five-day week-ends. . . . Office jollifications and confetti showers in *The Inner Sanctum* for blushing brides. . . . Visits from ABBE ERNEST DIMNET, JOHN COWPER POWYS, J. P. ("LEGS") MCEVOY, WALTER B. PITKIN, and FRANK BUCK. . . . The completion of next year's publication schedule before this year's snow falls. . . .

. . . WALTER LIPPMANN'S gracious introduction to the Christmas Memorial Edition of WILLIAM BOLITHO'S *Twelve Against the Gods*. . . NOEL COWARD'S moving preface to *Camera Obscura*, which has just made its appearance on the best-seller list. . . .

The publication this week [thirteen days after delivery of the manuscript] of the backgammon book to end backgammon books, a work by WILLIAM WALLING and WILLIAM HISS called *Backgammon Standards*. . . . The release of *The Eighteenth Series* of the BURANELLI-PETHERBRIDGE-HARTSWICK *Cross Word Puzzle Book* to a palpitant and loyal public. . . . The sales chart of *The Art of Thinking, Believe It or Not, Bring 'Em Back Alive, The Psychology of Achievement* and *In Defence of Sensuality*. . .

. . . The news from ARTHUR SCHNITZLER that he is working on a new full-length novel. . . . The arrival from Vienna of the complete manuscript of FRANZ WERFEL'S masterpiece, a titanic novel called *The Pure In Heart*. . . . The final selection of a title for the book that will usher in 1931 with shouts and laughter, originally called *The Golden Treasury of Ogden Nashery* and now known officially as *Hard Lines*. . . . Short columns and long holidays for

—ESSANDESS

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WE understand that *Maxwell Anderson's* "Elizabeth the Queen" is a play well worth seeing (in spite of recently hearing an all-knowing movie magnate from the Coast tear it to pieces with super-Hollywood cocksureness!) But what we don't understand at all is the way the play is printed in book form. Surely Mr. Anderson never believed he was writing blank verse? Why then are the lines printed as though they bore some relationship to blank verse? For, in fact, they bear no such relationship whatever. Something to make even one of the lesser Elizabethan practitioners of that art turn over in his grave are such lines as:

You are too popular already. You have
Won at Cadiz, caught the people's hearts,
Caught their voices till the streets ring your name
Whenever you pass. You are loved better than
The queen. That is your danger. She will not suffer, etc.

If such lines are to be considered as even the blankest kind of verse, they are simply terrible. If, on the other hand, they are considered as plain conversational prose they are perfectly adequate. Indeed, as is not unnatural (Mr. Anderson having written a volume or two of poetry), the phrasing of some lines in his play is decidedly poetic. But let nobody connected with the theatre, to most of whom the craft of poetry is now as alien a thing as Bantu, labor under the impression that Mr. Anderson is even 1-2-3 with any minor, even Elizabethan, dramatist as a blank-versifier. His words have the proper huddle and stumble, spurt, crackle, and staccato of actual conversation; they have no trace of the fluent, flexible rhythms of blank verse. All we are objecting to is the mistake of printing the play as though it had not been written entirely in conversational prose. . . .

Kenneth Slade Alling takes exception to our quoting *Dr. Ronald Macfie* last week concerning *Sir William Watson*. He says in part:

> William Watson may be a most magnificent poet; he may be a most minor and unimportant poet. That is not the point.
>
> Dr. Ronald Macfie writes "one cannot find imperfections in his metre or rhythm." You could say the same of a thousand versifiers within a day's mail of New York City. It is like saying that a certain man is a superb specimen of the human race because he raises his arms without effort. These things we take (he breathes regularly or because) for granted.
>
> Furthermore in this fulsome reprint the paragraph that mentions Praxitiles and Phidias is pure bathos. I have seen William Rose Benét in his column take more than one critic to task for the very same type of maudlin appreciation. I wish you would ask him about this.
>
> Please write your own stuff or if you must reprint comments and cannot find intelligent ones—please—please do a little commenting of your own on them.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Alling, there's quite a long story attached to the patched up look of last week's *Nest*, but we're sorry we can't go into it. It wasn't wholly our fault, that's all we can say; and yet we didn't think Dr. Macfie's comment without cogency. We ourselves believe that Sir William Watson wrote in his time a handful of poems that deserve to live after him. The turning away from him of the public's interest we think, on the whole, rather understandable, even as we think it understandable in the case of *Stephen Phillips*,—and Phillips, at his best, was a striking poet. As for poverty and neglect, we have never yet seen a poet who was able to make a decent living by *merely* writing poetry. But we do think that, so long as England gives pensions to certain poets, Sir William Watson eminently deserved a good solid one. The United States of America, however, gives no pension to any poet. To the Government, to the great American business man, to any politician, any industrialist, any of those who are men of affairs in control of this Land of Liberty, the American poet is simply rather a joke. None of them would think of being caught reading any verse save, perhaps, Riley's or Guest's. The foreign poet is recognized in certain instances. The Poet Laureate of England is a traditional figure of a certain glamour. A French or an Italian poet,—well, that's what you expect of those Latin races! A very rich instance of how the managers of this country really haven't even heard of any American poets was recently brought to our attention by *Mr. T. R. Smith*. . . .

Mr. Smith sent us an account clipped from the *Times* of a Committee that recently planned a dinner and reception at the Biltmore for *Sir Rabindranath Tagore*, the East Indian poet. Former Ambassador *Henry Morgenthau* was chairman of the reception committee, of which former President *Calvin Coolidge* was a member. After giving a list of the delegation of women who would greet Mr. Tagore at a certain Park Avenue home, the *Times* printed a list of the members of the reception committee. Although it included many names eminent in business and finance it failed to include the name of a single poet. In fact the list did not even include the name of a single writer of any kind, unless, in the field of journalism, Mr. Coolidge be so considered. Can one imagine such a thing happening in France, where the most eminent exponents of French literature would naturally be in the forefront of such a reception! Yet from *Julius Ochs Adler* to *William H. Woodin* not a name on the reception committee even remotely suggested a connection with literature! It is not that Tagore as a poet is actually such an important poet, it is the utter absurdity of receiving him formally in New York City without having a single fellow-craftsman on the committee. And can anyone imagine so eminent a group of business men gathering together to do honor to any mere American poet? Frankly, we cannot, though American poetry today can boast not only of one but of several names more eminent in the field of poetry than Sir Rabindranath Tagore's. . . .

It is merely amusing. It simply goes to show. One can't quite conceal the smile. For no slur was intended; the gentlemen simply didn't know that there were any American poets in existence, we mean any who actually amounted to anything. They thought they had heard, perhaps, that there were still a few in England. . . .

No, we are not simply being peevish. It is a matter of national pride. In every European country the art of poetry is recognized as of equal eminence with the arts of music, painting, and sculpture. The poet's profession has a proper dignity. The first question asked concerning a foreign poet is not, "How much do you suppose he makes out of it a year?" but "How good is his work, how does he rank with the great poets of the world?" Obviously that is the civilized, literate attitude. The poet's is as demanding a profession as can well be, if a man devotes his whole life to his art. Most American poets have not been able to do so, and one great reason for that is that, naturally, being just as two-fisted as the next man, they resent being regarded as "weak sisters." So they keep their poetry for a sideline and demonstrate their ability in other fields of activity, a concession to the entirely uncultivated small-boy minds that surround them. Eventually America will come to the realization of how often the foreigner laughs at us in his sleeve for our barbarous unfamiliarity with what is being done in the arts of our own country. For once, dear children, there was a family called the *Medici* in Florence, just as there was an age called the Renaissance,—strangely enough there was once a time when warriors and statesmen like *Sir Philip Sidney* did not consider it beneath them to become proficient in the art of poetry. Yes, little readers, there was whilom a good deal of royal patronage of the art, the men of affairs knew a lot about it. You would have been surprised to hear them talk in the funny way they did in those days. It would have made you a little embarrassed. The poet was actually a national asset then. It certainly was the queerest thing! . . .

McBride has now published *James Branch Cabell's* "Dommei" in a new and sumptuous five dollar edition with ten full-page drawings and thirty chapter headings by *Frank C. Papé*. Once more we marvelled at the cleverness of the Bibliography Cabell has arranged at the end of the book. . . .

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